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## WERE IT THOU!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

There's a clasp upon my fingers, there's a kiss upon my brow—
In my ear Love's breathing lingers—but alas, it is not *thou!*
Since I walk no more with thee, oh, the days have come to be
Dreary, dreary unto me;—best beloved, where art thou?

In these sweet, prophetic mornings, when the brown buds load the bough,
And the air brings summer-warnings, still my heart cries, "Where art thou?"
Still my heart, forevermore yearning toward the misty shore,
Keeps repeating o'er and o'er—"Best beloved, where art thou?"

When shall cease this hopeless pining, and at death's behest I bow,
On some kindly breast reclining, I shall sigh, "Would it were *thou!*"
Unforgotten—dearest—best—would that *thy* most faithful breast
Could have pillowed my last rest! oh, beloved, were it *thou!*"

Gentle voices breathe around me words with kindliest meaning blent,—
Love's most tender care has crowned me with all blessings—but content;
Oh, the blessed days of old—oh, the love too long untold—
Oh, the years so dark and cold, and their burden "Were it *thou!*"

## Original Romance.

# THE CAVALIER.

## A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,

Author of "Richelieu," "Darnley," "Mary of Burgundy," "The Old Dominion," &c., &c., &c.


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### CHAPTER XI.

There is such a thing as "*delicious silence*," although the old gentleman who first put those two words in such near relationship, was, I believe, well laughed at, in his day and generation, by the daws and other small birds who live by pecking the fruits of literature. Yes, I have known and felt it, when I have escaped from burning crowds and rushing carriages from all the commingled sounds of joy and sorrow, folly, remorse, anguish, selfishness, despair, merriment, and madness, which roar in a great city, to the calm, quiet woods, or solitary glens of my native land. I have felt it still more profoundly when in the ancient forests of the new world. The charms of strong contrast are not added, indeed, to heighten the impression of the stillness, but that stillness is so profound that silence is not only delicious but sublime.

But there is another sort of silence, too, which is delicious—a moral, mystical silence—a silence of the heart—when eager feeling and turbulent emotion are stilled as if by the voice of a divinity above the waves, repressing the vexed waters of passion by the command, "Peace! be still!"

Heaven knows, in the bosoms of Bernard March and Lucy Langdale, were feelings, if not turbulent, at least strong and struggling, during the few weeks following the conversation detailed in the last chapter. No word of love was spoken, no feeling of the heart found voice.

At first the restraint was painful, even to both. The young cavalier, less self-confident in the hall than in the field, would fain have some assurance of Lucy's regard, before those words were spoken which never could be recalled, and the reply to which would leave his fate, he thought, one of happiness or misery forever. The first strong affections of his heart were given; but there was a joy even in their unuttered indulgence which he feared to lose by one rash word, and he went on letting the flowers of the heart expand from day to day, like buds in the unconfirmed sunshine of the spring.

On her part, the feelings of Lucy Langdale were far more strange and difficult of utterance. He knew, he could not be ignorant of what was going on in his own heart; but she dared not scan her own sensations or his. A new world was opening to her;—the world of the heart; and it was full of wonders. She might often ask herself what his changed manner meant; she might inquire almost with fear why his society had become so dear to her; she might feel terrified at the strong inclination which led her to seek it, and might wonder that her parents so readily yielded to every plan which brought her and Bernard March together.

And yet no word was spoken; but gradually the newness and the strangeness passed away, and feelings of trust and confidence grew up.—There is an interpreter more eloquent than words, a voice more clear, more convincing, than ever issued forth from human lips, a writing of the soul upon the tablet of the face, which cannot long be misunderstood.

True, like words inscribed in that sympathetic ink of which we read, it can only be deciphered by those who have the secret; but love soon gives the key, and all is clear. But when at last the mystic scroll was read, and Lucy and Bernard felt that between themselves at least there wanted no seal upon the contract, no spoken word to tell them that each loved the other, for a time there was silence still; but it was because such "silence is delicious." It is the bloom upon the mature fruit, the light shining through the ripe grape. Woe be to him who presses it too roughly!

I am fond of such themes, though they are of things passed away from me—perhaps the more so because they have passed. Who can look upon a child peacefully sleeping, and not think with refreshment of heart, "How sweet!" Who can behold two hearts full of innocent love, without saying, "Oh, could I love so again!" But I must not dwell upon these things too long. Let us go on.

I have said that Lucy had been educated in great seclusion, and knew little of the conventional restraints of those days—restraints not quite banished even yet from society in England or France, where at that time a young woman's life vacillated between gay license and hard restriction—but she did know enough to make her marvel at the perfect liberty allowed her by both father and mother in the company of Bernard March. The morning ride on horseback with him and her brother, in the fresh and bracing month of January, was not only allowed, but encouraged; and the reason assigned was the re-establishment of her health, to which, in Henry's case, the same exercise had contributed so much. But this was not all; many a pleasant opportunity for private communication was given, for which no such reasons could be named. True, there was always some motive to be found. Her voice, though sweet and rich, wanted cultivation, and who could give it such finish as Master Bernard? If the wind were too high, or the turf too slippery for exercise on horseback, the long, straight walks of the park, the alleys of hornbeam and yoke-elm, afforded long and pleasant promenades; but still it was thought better that she should have some more robust companion than the ordinary soubrette; and Bernard March was the invariable guard of her morning walk. Liberty grows into habit; and as Lucy's health and strength returned, leave and license were no longer sought, but taken as a matter of course; and, while the season advanced towards the brighter days of spring, when no excuse existed for this exclusive companionship, it followed easily, merely by habit.

Thus, early one morning in the month of February—that month when a solitary wild flower will be seen beneath the brushwood, and rabbits run frequently across the open walks,

So sweet, so sweet art thou, my Love,
So deep in love am I,
That I will love thee best, most best,
Till all the seas run dry.

"Thy heart is like the gentle dove,
Thy soul an angel's given
To guide my spirit up with thine
Unto thy native Heaven;
So bright, so bright art thou, my Love,
So deep in love am I,
That I will love thee best, most best,
Till all the seas run dry."

The air is attributed by some to David Rizzio; the first stanza is very ancient; the last two were more modern. But it was not the music, though it is exquisite, nor the words, though they probably said all that Bernard March could intend to say, which gave force to the song. It was the look and the manner which put the stamp of the heart upon the poetry, and as so often happens, brought the latent truth forth from its nest of flowers. The name of love was then first mentioned between them. Then, for the first time, that musical—that magic word sounded on Lucy's ear. Then, for the first time, the enigma which is written in dark characters on every woman's heart was solved for her, and Lucy felt fully she was beloved, and that she loved in return.

When in the tales of fairy land the talisman is first touched by the hand destined to possess it, the shrine trembles, the guardian spirits grow faint before the will of Fate, and the temple is shaken to its foundation. Was it not so with poor Lucy Langdale when first the great mystery of her feelings and his was unveiled to her? Ah, yes! Her limbs quivered like a leaf in the light wind of spring, her cheek turned pale, her heart beat as if it would have burst; and she would have fallen forward on the ground, but that there were arms open to catch her.

"Mine, Lucy, mine!" murmured Bernard March, as he pressed her to his heart. "Mine, with your father and your mother's full consent. Oh, say that you are mine?"

For a moment she was silent, and some tears crushed themselves among her jetty eyelashes and glittered like diamond sparks upon the lids; but the clasp of her hand upon his grew somewhat firmer, and at last she looked up for an instant; and the one word "Bernard!" told all that could be told.

It was a moment of exquisite happiness to both; but it was but a moment. There was a rustle among the trees on the other side of a little brook which ran gurgling through the fallen leaves at the foot of the knoll where they had been sitting; and a man dressed in the gay costume of the court jumped across, exclaiming,

"Very pretty, indeed! This will be news for Sir Edward Langdale."

It was a moment when the temper of an angel might have given way; the cheek of Bernard March grew fiery red.

"Begone, Monsieur de Breteuil," he exclaimed, "or I will chastise you as I have already chastised one of your companions!"

They were the last words Lucy heard; a blow was struck; swords were drawn; and after two passes the weapon of the Marquis de Breteuil was flying among the tree tops.

What was it put a fiercer and more angry spirit into the heart of Bernard March than had ever before tenanted his bosom? Probably it was that there was a new passion there—a passion that intensifies all others. However that may be, the first impulse was to draw back his sword in order to pass it through the body of his adversary; but a better feeling triumphed.

"Get you gone," he said, "get you gone, for fear I treat you like a dog. I would not forget that I am a gentleman, whatever you may be."

Breteuil sprang to regain his sword, and though he was somewhat cowed, yet Heaven knows what the end might have been, had not Sir Edward Langdale and two or three servants—some his own men, and some strangers in riding gear—come up at the moment.

"What is this?" exclaimed the knight, "my lord!—Bernard!—see to your young lady, Pierrot."

"I have been foolish enough to be angry, Sir Edward," said Bernard March; "this person, Marquis of Breteuil, thought fit to intrude in a rude manner upon my conversation with Lucy; and I had well nigh given him a more severe lesson than I gave one of his loose companions a month or two since. But I am calm now."

"Then put up, put up," said Sir Edward, "attend to Lucy. She has fainted. Monsieur de Breteuil, you have brought me miserable news in the letter of which you were the bearer. I descended as soon as I had read it, to offer you the hospitality of my house, though it must be a house of mourning; but you have brought also strife and dissension into my family, and I can now only wish you a safe journey back to Paris. I cannot entertain a man who draws his sword in the presence of a lady. How fares it, Lucy? She is better—her color comes back. 'Tis all over, my girl—Bernard, aid her back to the house."

"He struck me first, Sir Edward," said Breteuil; "I draw not my sword before women; but I bide no buffet from any man, be it given where it may."

"This noble gentleman would strike no man, sir," replied the knight, "but upon just cause."

"This noble gentleman!" repeated Breteuil, with a sneer. "Well, perhaps I may meet this illustrious obscure again."

"Perhaps so," said Bernard March, who still held his weapon unsheathed in his hand.

"Bernard!" said Sir Edward, in a melancholy tone; "they have murdered your King. Is this a day and hour to think of personal quarrels?"

Bernard March pressed the hilt of his sword to his breast, and then thrust the blade back into the sheath, exclaiming,

"Now God forbid that this should ever be drawn again but to avenge him!"

Sir Edward Langdale waved Monsieur de Breteuil back with his hand, and then aiding Bernard March to raise Lucy from the ground, joined in supporting her back towards the house.

### CHAPTER XII.

Time had passed; month after month had gone by; Lucy Langdale was in her nineteenth year, and still she was Lucy Langdale. But the months, the days, the hours had been filled with events which belong to the broad field of history, but which had twice snatched from the hand of Bernard March the cup of happiness when it was at his very lips. Need we pause in our tale to relate those events to any one who has studied that agitated period which intervened between the death of Charles the First and the summer of 1651? or need we dwell on the part taken therein by Edward Langdale and Bernard March? Let us pass over that interval and all that it contained; the voyage to Scotland, the insults poured upon the young King by his fanatical and pedantic subjects at the north, his separation from his tried and trusty cavaliers, and his spirited march into England in hopes of that energetic support he was not destined to find. Suffice it that Bernard March and Sir Edward Langdale were amongst those driven from the young King's side in Scotland, but never abandoned his cause, and that they were also among those who, retiring to England, endeavored to raise a force to support their monarch, while he hurried forward from Carlisle towards Worcester.

It was a stormy night in the end of August, and over the wide moor the wind blew in fierce gusts, dashing the large drops of rain against the little lozenges of glass in the casements of a small inn on the confines of Worcestershire. There was no thunder, though the air was intolerably warm, and loaded, it would seem, with electricity; but yet a voice could hardly have been heard in the house, unless raised to a very high pitch, so great was the noise made by the falling torrent and by the wind, now hissing among the whortle bushes and long reeds, now howling like an overburdened spirit among the tall, thin fir trees which dotted the heath. No voice, however, was heard within those walls, and the only tenants of the large room which served the purpose of kitchen and dining-hall, were an old man sitting at a table, with his long, gray locks falling over the thin hands by which his head was supported, and his good dame, but a few years younger, though apparently somewhat more stout and hearty.

For her part, notwithstanding the heat of the atmosphere, she sat upon a settle by the fireside, and every now and then put on a stick or two of wood beneath a large caldron which simmered from a hook. Neither moved from their places, and for more than an hour neither spoke; but at length the old man said, with a sigh,

"He won't come to-night, Maude. The weather is too coarse. Hark ye now, what a song the wind is singing; and the rain would break the casement in, wert not for the big apple tree."

"He'll come, old Gaffer—he'll come," answered the woman, in a cross tone. "I don't know my boy, if he don't come. You are always crowing over the weather, and think as much of a drop of water as an overdraught. Who'd ever think you'd been a soldier?"

"Well, well, dame," replied the old man, "it's all that soldiering that stiffens one's joints. Many a worse night than this, I've lain out, with no better blanket than the moor, and no warmer coverlid than the gray sky; but now it tells, good dame—now it tells."

"And if you did so, why shouldn't your son?" said the old woman; "he's as hearty a man as ever you were, I wot. But come or not, there shall be hot broth ready for him and his folks, old man, if I sit here till cock-crow."

Both relapsed into silence again; for thirty years' experience had made the old soldier somewhat cautious of bringing his wife's tongue upon his head; and near half an hour passed without another word.

At length, however, he started up from a sort of semi doze, exclaiming,

"Hark! I hear horses' feet splashing along the moor."

"Pooh!" cried she, unwilling to deceive herself, but still listening eagerly, "'tis but a plump of rain. You are always thinking you hear—yes it is—it is horses' feet? Get down the ladle, Gaffer, and the big platters, and set the seats. I knew he would come. It is young Johnny, for sure—open the door a bit to show the light."

The old man seemed active enough now, though he did make a terrible grimace as he twisted his rheumatic hip in starting up; but he opened the house-door in a moment, and stood looking out, undaunted, in the heavy rain; while his wife screamed for Betsy and Tom, and poured a flood of unsavory epithets on the heads of the sleep-ridden servants.

The sound of horses' feet was heard plainly enough now, coming quickly across the heath, and there seemed to be many of them, for the beat of the hoofs was frequent and irregular. Before the horse-boy and the "slut," as the old lady called her, could get down beyond the kitchen-door, there was a cry of "Halt!" without, and the drawing of bridle-reins, and prancing, with a shrill neigh, as if one of the beasts at least recognized a place of shelter and rejoiced. But the old man suddenly came back into the kitchen, and partly turning his head, without shutting the door, put his finger on his lips as a sign to his wife, saying in a low voice,

"Strangers—troopers!"

The next moment he was all landlord-like civility, and as a small party of weather-beaten men walked carelessly in, it was,

"Give you good-night, sirs; give you good-night. Terrible weather for August. Well, I wot how the seasons have changed since I was young—but all things have changed for that matter—see to the horses, Tom—put settles, Betsy—a good, large stable here, gentlemen! How many horses may there be? Plenty of oats and hay, and that of the best."

During this address he had been running his eye over the strangers, and his face grew brighter as he saw the slouched hats and drooping feathers, the laced cloaks and velvet doublets of his guests.

Those were dangerous times, and even the poor man was forced to conceal the feelings of his heart; for where tyranny takes the name of liberty, opinions become crimes, and might makes right. The host was cautious then; and before he uttered a word that could commit him, left the strangers to give some better indication of their party than mere smart clothes and love locks could afford. Indeed at first he doubted whether he had not made a mistake; for one of his guests, in plainer apparel than the rest, took him by the ear, saying—

"Verily, friend, thy praises of thine oats smack of malignancy and godless self-seeking. Thou wouldst palm thy musty provender upon us; and though the beasts do want the creature comforts as well as we, wouldst engage us with strong waters while they are fed on trash."

But a roar of laughter, which followed this sally, set the good man's heart at ease, and he was hurrying to bring forth the stone jug of strong Geneva, to which few cavaliers objected, when a tall, young man, who had been standing at the door with one still younger, talking to the people without, gave his last orders, and turned into the inn. All made way for him as he advanced towards the table, and fixing his keen, bright eye upon the landlord, he said—

"I fear, mine host, we have come upon you somewhat unexpectedly. Have you anything for these gentlemen to eat? The horses must be well fed, too; and though the men can sleep in the stable—for it seems a large one—they must also have some food. We have ridden twenty miles without bit or sup."

"Oh, we can provide, we can provide, noble sir," said the host; "there is plenty of bacon, and as good a cold salt round as ever was cut, and—and—"

His voice trembled as he spoke; his hesitation became greater and greater; and, at last he dropped upon his knees before the young stranger, caught his hand and kissed it, exclaiming,

"It is, I am sure it is! my noble lord, the Earl of Dartmoor, who saved my poor old life at long Marston Moor, and shot Colonel Langly of the Ironsides, (who had me down,) and then carried me out on your own horse. You were but a boy, then; but I know you, I know you! How can I ever forget you?"

"I remember something of it," replied the other, "you were one of those, if I am right, who made your way with Prince Rupert to Chester. We had to use our spurs, my friend; but I trust a better time is coming now. Is there any news afloat in this part of the world? Speak freely. We are all friends here."

"Let us eat freely and drink freely first, my Lord," said one of the guests; "for, by my fay, we have been long without. The old codger can tell his tale while we are employing our grinders."

"Well, well," said the young nobleman, who well knew the humor of his followers, "so let it be. Methinks we shall have time without interruption, in this solitary place; but remember all, that though we shall have space enough to eat and drink and obtain most needful news, we have no time for laziness. It is now nine o'clock, and every one who would follow me must be in the saddle by three. Sit ye down, gentlemen, and get what you can. I have lived long enough in these strifes to know that, if we eat not when we may, we may chance to have two days fasting. Eat and warm yourselves, I say. Master Henry and I must go for a moment to see that the horses are well cared for. If the man be not, by my troth, they are likely ones to help themselves."

Thus saying, he went out to the large stable, where he found the horses in course of being fed, and several of the men engaged in the laudable occupation of plucking cocks and hens, of whose presence they had speedily disencumbered the chicken house. Some words of warning, and a stern rebuke to a man whom he found drinking privately behind the stable door, were all that the young gentleman spoke in the stable; but when he stood in the little garden, with the still younger man who had accompanied him, he turned to him gravely, saying, "These are sad scenes for you, Henry. It were well, dear youth, could they be avoided; but you yourself have found that exercise, though rough and wearisome, strengthens the limbs and confirms the constitution, and thus, with a noble mind, experience of even the ruder and baser things of the world, serves but to call forth and invigorate the high and pure feelings of the heart. We must bear with these men, not alone for the rich devoted spirit of loyalty which elevates them, but for a thousand qualities which they hide under this loose exterior. Not one of those fellows who will sit drinking and jesting there all night, would not peril life and all that it is worth to-morrow, to do that which they believe to be a good action."

"I believe it truly, Bernard," replied the lad. "Have not you mingled for years with such men? But still after the quiet life I have so long led, it somewhat shocks one to see such recklessness."

"Well then, take some supper, and go to bed and repose," replied the Earl, "it is well, not to become too familiar with what is bad in our common nature. To-morrow, or at furthest the day after, we shall rejoin your noble father; and then must speedily come an event that will set at rest fear and hope for ever. The King has a fine army; but yet the traitors have a better; and the country rises not as I could have wished. We must do our best, and God defend the right! But one word more, Harry. If I fall, as may be, for one cannot escape these occasions always, comfort poor Lucy, and say that for her sake I did not expose myself rashly."

"I will go with you, Bernard, wherever you go," answered Henry Langdale, pressing his hand, "but we shall soon join my father, I trust. He cannot be far off."

"God knows," said Bernard March, whom we must now know by another name, and recognise as that famous Lord Dartmoor, whose exploits even as a mere lad, had raised him to the height of renown, and even eclipsed those of his noble brother the Duke of ——, to whom even the stern regicides conceded the terrible privilege of laying his royal master in his bloody bier—"God knows! I have not heard of the King for many days, and only guess he must be tending towards Worcester. The last news of your father was from Lancashire, and his letters were full of hope and spirit; but I say God knows, and he only. We are scattered like a flock of doves at the first shot of the fowler, some here, some there, with little unity of action, small means of information, and hostile forces gathering round us in every quarter. In the meantime, the last accounts I had from France, and yours too, if I mistake not, were anything but consoling—your dear and excellent mother almost driven from her own house by the factions of the land; all that we trusted to others, whom we esteemed our friends, neglected, as is always the case with the affairs of the absent; her estates and those of her husband threatened with confiscation on the most idle pretences, and danger of Lucy herself falling into the hands of the worst enemies of your house. No, no: you must live, Harry, especially if death is to be my lot. You have much to do, many duties to perform, and happier days to see; for this cannot last always. Even nations recover sooner or later from the fits of delirium which sometimes seize them!"

He spoke slowly and in a desponding tone; and then turned to the little Inn. During the absence of the two young men the guests they had left had done justice to the good cheer of the host, and had evidently made intimate acquaintance with the stone jug of strong waters, of whose possession he had boasted.

The host himself seemed somewhat fidgety and uneasy, and the good dame had stoutly resisted all attempts upon the large iron pot which she kept boiling over the fire. "That was broth for her son;" she said, and in a lowly tone, "it was not fit for gentils such as them;" but when any one came too near she showed a hotter spirit, and, well accustomed to deal with the rough soldiery, whether cavalier or round-head, kept them at bay, now with the large two pronged meat fork, now with the great skimming ladle, some scalding drops falling from which on the knee of a too persistent intruder into the mysteries of the caldron, strongly enforced her arguments.

However when the Earl re-entered, one half the party were singing, pouring forth generally cavalier songs, neither very remarkable for decency or melody, while others, in a somewhat maudlin state, intoned psalm tunes, which they had probably learned during some period of enforced and hypocritical submission to the dominant party. "Hey for Cavaliers!" was being shouted by at least half a dozen voices; and although the appearance of one whom they all reverenced, notwithstanding his youth, produced some change in their demeanor, yet it was evident that they intended to "make a night of it after their wet ride," to use their own expression.

"Ay, here comes one who can really sing us a song," cried one of the most vociferous shouters. "My Lord, I heard you sing once as I never heard any one else. Do give us a stave now, for the honor of King Charles."

"On one condition, gentlemen," said the Earl, "and that is that after I have done, we all lie down to rest. Remember that at this very moment we are surrounded by dangers, and that the King's crown may depend upon strong arms and clear heads to-morrow, or the next day. Foul fall the man who would peril his sovereign's throne for a late carouse or a cup of strong drink. If you are all agreed, I will sing, although to say sooth, I am much in need of some repose myself."

"Agreed, agreed!" cried several voices, while one added, "Empty the jug, Colonel Johns; singing never spoiled good liquor;" and taking a seat amongst them, Lord Dartmoor sung.

They've laid it low, that kingly head,
With mockery and insult stain.
For us he fought, for us he bled,
For us he ventured all, in vain.
But loyal hearts are yet not dead,
And the King shall have his own again.

Ho, for a brighter field! What ho!
Another Charles has risen again.
Wipe out the days of pain and woe!
And strike for royalty amain!
One glorious hour, one conquering blow—
And the King shall have his own again.

Perchance, before to-morrow's sun
Shall set beneath the western main,
The traitors' hour glass shall have run,
And justice come in victory's train.
Forward, strong hearts! the day is won;
And the King shall have his own again.

But let us win, or let us lose,
What heart, to yield, shall not disdain,
Till God, in His good time, shall choose
To free our country from its chain;
And far and wide shall spread the news,
The King has got his own again.

### CHAPTER XIII.

"Now, gentlemen, your promise!" said Bernard March, as soon as his song was concluded, "let us to bed and prepare for to-morrow; for we have work before us, depend upon it."

"Take some supper and some strong waters, my Lord," replied one of the Cavaliers, "you have neither eaten nor drank all day, though you have worked like a horse."

"A crust of bread and a cup of cold water;" answered Lord Dartmoor, well knowing how

much more efficacious example in than precept in this follow-my-leader world. "When the battle is won, I will do you all justice, in as brimming a glass as ever was filled; but foul fall me if I drink anything but water till 'the King has got his own again.' To bed, gentlemen! to bed! and wake with strong arms, clear heads, and stout hearts."

There was some wrangling and confusion ere the guests dispersed. Some wanted the best chambers, some were content with the worst, so that their leader was well accommodated: others were very well contented to stay where they were and take their rest on settles or even on the floor, rather than exercise powers of locomotion which had been somewhat embarrassed by the contents of the stone jug. The landlord insisted, with a pertinacity not to be expected from his feeble nature, on reserving the best room up stairs for guests whom he averred would arrive during the night, and his good dame had the key. Thus the door could not be opened without violence; and the most resolute of his customers were at length content to put up with what accommodation they could find, rather than waste their time in breaking through oak planks.

At length silence was restored; and though there was snoring from above, and sounds of deep sleep from of those little beds, let into the wall, and much in the form of knife trays, still to be found in many of the ancient cottages of England, none seemed waking but the Earl of Dartmoor, and the old landlord and his wife.

Young Henry Langdale had retired some time before, and the good dame sat gazing upon the pot, which seemed her chief object of interest in life, while her husband placed himself behind the young cavalier, who continued in meditative mood at the table, and from time to time cast a somewhat anxious and inquiring look at the Earl, as if he wondered why he did not go to bed with the rest.

At length Bernard March turned suddenly towards him, saying, almost sternly,

"Come hither, Master Grey! What meant that sound of horses' feet just now? Who are the guests you expect to-night?"

"I expect my son, sir," answered the old man in a somewhat hesitating tone; "he has gone across the moor."

"And come back again, and brought more than one horse with him," replied the young nobleman; "there were six horses at least passed that window. I saved your life, old man. Do you mean to betray me?"

"Now, God forbid!" said the landlord, warmly. "I believe it was my son; but you see, my lord, I just whispered a word to Tom, the ostler, to warn him that there were troopers in the house; and to lead him round to the shed behind, away from the stable; for, my lord," and he sunk his voice to a whisper, "he has got women with him—ladies of good estate; and God knows what may happen in these rough times."

The young Earl raised his head high, with an air almost haughty, saying,

"Think you, Master Grey, that I have not power over these men, to bid the best of them back if he transgresses the rule of proper discipline? By my faith, if so, I have labored through life in vain. Go out and tell these guests to come in. They are safe, were they Cromwell's daughters—yet stay," he added, as the old man turned to depart. "They have men with them of course—how many?"

"I know not, my lord," answered the old man; "Tom has not come back."

"I heard no horses' feet go hence," said the young Earl, thoughtfully; "but woe to you if any one has gone to warn the roundheads of our lodging here. Go and send one of the men to me. Let the rest stay where they are, till I have time to inquire into the matter."

The distance from the inn to the shed seemed to be far; for the old man was long in returning; but when he came back he was accompanied by a stout looking peasant of some thirty years of age, light of limb, but stout and muscular. His face was one of those frank and honest visages, so often seen amongst the English peasantry, for though the dark gray eye and broad forehead showed a world of intellect, there was nothing small or mean in the expression of the whole, and he raised his look full upon Lord Dartmoor's countenance, as he entered, as if his heart were quite at ease, notwithstanding the drenched and drizzled state of his apparel.

"What is your name?" said the young nobleman at once, "methinks I have seen you before."

"Likely," replied the other, "my name is John Grey, or young John, this old merchant's son."

"Merchant!" said Lord Dartmoor, in some surprise.

"Ay," answered the other; "when he was young he dealt in hard blows. Since then he has dealt in smooth words; now he deals in strong waters."

"Well," answered the Earl, "we have no time now for riddles, my good friend. How many have you in your party?"

"Eight, sir," replied the peasant. "Three women, myself and four men—two to them and two to me."

"Is that the same number you set out with?" inquired Lord Dartmoor; but the man answered frankly, and with a laugh,

"No—they are more by one. He joined us on the way. But if you want to know, sir, whether any one has left us on the way, I say no. Odds life, our horses would hardly carry us any further on such a night as this. Now I pray you, sir—my lord, father calls you—let us come in to the fire and get something warm; for there are two beautiful ladies with us, out of whose cheeks all this rain would have washed the red, were it not of heaven's own painting. They are not fit for such rough nights, nor the chamber maid either; for she is a dainty little bit of goods as ever I saw, though she be a French girl and speaks small English."

"And what are their names?" asked the Earl, with his curiosity a good deal awakened.

"Faith, I can hardly tell you that," said the man; "one is a Countess, that I know; and the other is her daughter—not easy to tell which is youngest or prettiest—but the young one seems to know some of your people; for as we passed the back of the house there was a person singing in here, 'the King shall have his own again,' and the lady said she knew the voice, and would fain have come in at once; but mamma was more cautious, and did not choose to trust to a mere sound."

"She was wise," said Bernard March; "the young lady must have been mistaken. But, pray, let them come in. They shall be safe, and well entreated, be they who they may, French or English, roundheads or Cavaliers."

"Lord, sir," exclaimed the old woman from the fireside, "they are the wife and daughter of as fine a gentleman as ever you saw, though he was sadly down hearted when last he was here. They had just taken his blessed Majesty to Hampton Court at this time, and the gentleman was three months hiding in our little place before he could get across the water. So he recollected us always, and just sent to Johnnie a week ago—"

"Hush, hush, mother," said the young man, "his honor says they may come in; and I will go bring them. I'll trust to his word; and they sadly want both food and rest. They can tell him what they think fit, when they see him themselves. Every man's business, nowadays, is to hold his tongue, when he has not got the thumb screws on him, and sometimes then too."

Thus saying he left the room; but the old lady, with a propensity to gossip which has sometimes been observed in ancient dames, came close up to the young lord's side, and poured some information into his ear, which seemed to have, what novelists call, a thrilling influence upon him.

But ere she had half done, he started away from her, saying,

"I will go and see—he would never think of bringing them by the stables. There are but two sentries out, and, doubtless, they are fast asleep, for they were all tired to death. But we must have no accidents; and opening the door, he was issuing forth, when he was evidently encountered by the coming party; and a sweet voice was heard to exclaim: 'Bernard, Bernard!' I was sure of it. I could not mistake that voice."

"Who goes there?" cried another tongue at a little distance.

"A friend," answered the voice of Bernard March.

"Speak! give the countersign," was the reply; but ere any one could answer, a small spot of red light appeared through the darkness, and the Earl, who well knew what it meant, had only time to throw himself between Lucy and the sentinel, when a pistol, which had hung fire for a moment or two, in consequence of the dampness of the night, was discharged, and the ball passed through the young nobleman's coat.

"Too prompt!" said Bernard March aloud, turning towards the man who had fired. "Do you not stop for the countersign? Send Sergeant Loftus. We must have better discipline here."

Thus saying, he led Lucy and Lady Langdale into the inn, and holding up his finger as a warning against noise; for several of his companions were sleeping around, he bade the hostess conduct the two ladies up stairs, and see to their comfort, promising to join them in a few minutes. Lucy's hand lingered in that of her lover till they had reached the bottom of the stairs, and then it was withdrawn slowly, as if with regret, while even the eyes of Lady Langdale rested earnestly upon a face on which Lucette had, by this time, learned to read in characters not to be misunderstood, every generous and fine emotion. That countenance was now very grave; and with all a woman's quick apprehensions roused, Lady Langdale inquired in a low voice for her son.

"He is there," answered Bernard March, pointing to one of the small beds let into the wall, "he is there, and quite well. Sir Edward, too, when last we heard, was well and in high spirits."

"But you are not in spirits, Bernard," said Lady Langdale.

"That reckless soldier firing directly at us, is enough to make one grave, dear lady," replied the young Earl; "but go up, and if possible change your dress. You are very wet. I will hardly give you time indeed; for I am eager to hear what can have brought you and Lucy hither."

He smiled as he spoke; but ere he stood in the midst of the inn kitchen again, his face was graver than ever.

Little do those who are most dear to us know, how terribly they sometimes add to our grief and our anxiety when they seek to share the dangers we ourselves must necessarily undergo. I can well conceive the brave man turning coward, the wise man becoming a fool, if forced to see perils which, borne alone, would shake neither heart nor mind, encountered by those to whom all his wisdom can afford no guidance, his courage no protection.

The room was crowded again when he returned; for besides the old man and his son, there were the four men who had arrived with the travellers, the sentry who had fired so unguardedly, and the man whom the young lord had called Sergeant Loftus—one of those who on a former occasion has been seen with him in France.

"Relieve this sentinel, Loftus, and put him in arrest," said the Earl. "Who is he, who in my troop fires his petronelle, before the countersign can be given?"

"I don't know, my lord," replied the sergeant, "he joined us at Lyme; and is well commended by Sergeant Haldimand. Perhaps 'twas but a mistake, though he is old soldier enough to know better."

"Put him in arrest," repeated Lord Dartmoor. "I must have no such mistakes. The report of a pistol is heard far. I will inquire into the matter more at large, to-morrow. Hark ye, Loftus," and drawing him somewhat aside, he added, in a low voice, "watch Haldimand well; I doubt him. At the very first alarm get the men under arms, and call me. A surprise in this indefensible place were fatal."

"There is a good, large barn behind, my lord," said the sergeant, "with a door big enough for four horses to pass abreast. If people don't bring cannon against it, we could make it good as long as we had food."

"No," said the young lord, thoughtfully; "but at all events, if you can, pick out ten or twelve, who are not drunk, and send them up there with their horses bridled and saddled, ready for any emergency. Put some old soldier at their head, who is fit to seize an occasion."

"I'm your man," said a voice proceeding from a thin, gaunt, elderly man in the corner, whom neither Loftus or Lord Dartmoor had observed, but who now came forward and spoke some what over loud.

"Ha, Pierrot la Grange!" said the Earl, "so you have come over with your lady. What said you just now? But speak low, man, speak low! see that fellow is creeping towards the door. Stand, friend! stand, and come back! Remember pistol bullets fly fast; and one will reach you ere you can get out."

The man turned doggedly and resumed his place in the middle of the room, while the young Earl continued his conversation with Pierrot and the sergeant.

"I say, my lord, I'm the man to put in the barn. First, because I'm an old soldier; and next, I am fit to seize an occasion. Only let me go at once; for if that brown jug stands looking me in the face, I shall be tempted once more, which were bad."

"Well, well then, go," said the Earl, "they can give you some beef out there, and you and Loftus can concert matters apart, only take good heed to the prisoner."

"He shall not give us leg-bail, I warrant my lord," said Sergeant Loftus. "I had my doubts too—though it is not fit for one soldier to speak against another."

Lord Dartmoor looked at him with a grave—almost a sad expression of countenance—

"Alas! alas, Loftus!" he said; "that one principle, inherent as it is in human nature, linked to our hearts by our strongest and our feeblest sympathies, has done more to turn aside the course of well appreciated duty than covetousness or ambition or treason. Our first duty, Loftus, is to our God, our next to our country, our next to our King, and he who, having just cause, fears to say, 'this man, my fellow soldier, my friend, my bosom companion, is to the best of my judgment a traitor,' fails in the higher duty to subserve a lower claim. Why should not a soldier speak against a soldier, if he knows him to be false and treacherous? By the Lord above, if I thought my own brother harbored a thought against the cause we have both espoused, I would denounce him in face of earth and Heaven. But no more to-night. Guard the man well—look well to Haldimand. Weariness may overcome me, and I may sleep; but I shall wake at the least sound. Let me have the most timely notice you can give. Go with him, Pierrot. You have many of the best points of a soldier in you, and may give both good help and advice."

Sergeant Loftus hung his head, and retired. He felt indeed that he was rebuked; but that rebuke had been given with a tone and air which took all sting from reproof, and he determined that he would not close an eye that night if he fell from his horse with fatigue on the following day.

In the meantime the good woman of the house had been busy with her new and, as it seemed, her favored guests. She had hurried up stairs, with her serving wench and her caldron, not forgetting, however, before she went, to pour out a bowl of hot soup for her son and each of his comrades; a pair of saddle-bags had been brought in and carried to the rooms above; and the old man had replenished the large stone-jug from a barrel in the shed behind. Bernard March stood for a moment or two in the midst of the kitchen, partly occupied with thoughts beyond my power to tell, partly with keen and rapid observation of the scene around him. He marked each door, each window in the room, glanced his eye over the thick, wooden shutters, and high lintels of the windows, saw every massive bolt and bar upon the gates, ran his eye over the faces of the waking men, and heard the hard breathing and measured snore of those who had fallen asleep.

"Let them slumber," he said to himself, "let them slumber; I must wake if I can. Yet poor human nature! how the spirit is clogged by the weakness of the clay."

Thus thinking, he spoke a few kindly words to the old man's son, who was seated at the table, enjoying, with the keen zest of hunger, his long delayed meal, and then took his way to the rooms above.

But there is no space to pause upon the explanations which were then given to him, or to relate how he was told that owing to the disturbed and ever changing state of parties in France, Mirepoix could afford no refuge to Madame de Langdale and her daughter, and how Belaye was actually in the hands of persons whose friendship was more than doubtful. He found that it had been judged by Sir Edward Langdale, as well as by themselves, that many parts of England would afford a much surer refuge than any place in France, and that he it was, who had dispatched young John Grey to meet them at the coast, and conduct them as far as Evesham, towards which place Sir Edward was on his march from the eastern part of England.

Bernard said not one word of the anxiety—nay, the apprehension—which was produced in his own heart by what he thought, and thought rightly, the wild plunge which those he loved best had taken into the midst of a whirlpool of danger and difficulty, nor did he let them see how their presence added to the embarrassment of one of the most difficult marches ever made across the country swarming with enemies. He spoke as cheerfully as Sir Edward had written, called their little party a "reinforcement," and promised boldly to escort them safely to join the father and the husband, though he saw all the perils and the impediments in their way. A few—a very few moments were given by him and Lucy to the sweet caress and the consoling words of love; and then, telling them that they must march at daybreak on the following morning, he left them to their short repose, and descended to the room below.

He found it the abode of sleep. The old man and his wife, with colder blood in their veins than the rest, were dozing by the fire; their son and his three companions, finding every bed full, were slumbering round the table; and the first party of cavaliers were still pouring forth their heavy breaths from the places where they had cast themselves down to rest.

Lord Dartmoor stood for a few minutes in the midst of the kitchen, in one of those moments of agitated thought which sometimes will banish the comforter from our eyes, however weary; and he was just murmuring to himself the words "No use, no use," when he thought he heard a step without, and raised his eyes to the door opening upon the road. It was shut and did not move; but at the little casement on the right hand, Bernard plainly saw the figure of a man, and could catch a gleam from the inside of the cottage, touching upon a steel cap and a cross belt. He moved not for a moment, and the expression of his face hardly changed; but then, he advanced carelessly to the table, took a seat among the sleeping men, and folding his arms upon the board, leaned his head upon them as if for slumber. A quarter of an hour passed, and he did not stir; and then there was a slight movement of the door. It opened about the breadth of three fingers, and yet all was still. It creaked a little, and opened wider and wider, till at length the entire figure of a man was seen, the sharp, gray eyes under the heavy brow, running round the room, and seeming to count the sleepers.

But at that moment, a hand, armed with a long horse-pistol, was raised above the table; and ere the man could do aught but make a slight movement in retreat, Bernard March had pressed the trigger. The hammer fell, the report rang through the house, and the steel cap clanged upon the brick floor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)


# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1859.

### TERMS

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number. For $5, in advance, one copy is sent three years—or four copies sent to one direction for one year.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.


### TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the regular contributors to THE POST, are

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| G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c. | Mary Howitt. |
| T. S. Arthur. | Grace Greenwood. |
| Emma Alice Browne. | Florence Percy. |
| Author of "Letters from Paris." | Martha Russell. |
| | Mrs. M. A. Denison. |
| | Author of "My Last Cruise," &c. |

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly given, from the English and other periodicals. For instance, last year, we published articles from the pen of CHARLES DICKENS, DINAH MARIA MULOCH, ALFRED TENNYSON, WILKIE COLLINS, H. W. LONGFELLOW, MRS. H. B. STOWE, the AUTHOR of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," the AUTHOR of "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c., &c.,—giving thus to our readers, the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way. The articles already engaged for the present year, from our special contributors, *who write expressly for our columns*, are—first and foremost—

THE CAVALIER, by G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

[To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr. James for the above Novelet the sum of

**$1,690.00!**

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.]

STORIES by MARY HOWITT.

A NOVELET by T. S. ARTHUR, Esq.

"CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS"—A Series. By GRACE GREENWOOD.

LETTERS FROM PARIS. A Series. By ——.

POEMS from FLORENCE PERCY.

POEMS from EMMA ALICE BROWNE, &c., &c., &c.

In addition to the above and other original, and our usual selected stores of Literary matter, we furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c.—a class of contents interesting to all, and almost indispensable to country readers.

THE SICKLES TRIAL.—The trial of Mr. Sickles is now taking place at Washington. So far the proceedings have been generally dull and uninteresting, and we pity the daily papers which feel bound to lumber up their columns with them. Of the proceedings of one day, embodying principally *the selection of jurymen*, we counted in one of the daily papers *ten* columns. The facts brought out so far, are simply those known to almost everybody. If any new aspect of the affair is presented, we shall probably lay it before our readers.

HORSE RAILROADS.—Philadelphia will soon be entitled, we think, to the appellation of the City of Railroads—if not the Gridiron City.—*Ten* lines are already constructed—*six* more are chartered, and will be constructed forthwith—and some *ten* more routes, we believe, are applied for. There are now laid down in Philadelphia about *one hundred and thirty miles* of these tracks, and in some months hence there will be *two hundred!*

### WHAT WE WANT.

The French Government does not look with a careless eye upon the practices of those who adulterate articles of common consumption. A man convicted of watering milk, sanding sugar, adulterating coffee, &c., is something more than laughed at. The following instances of recent punishments, will show in what light such practices are regarded:—

The widow Bainaldy, milkwoman, for the falsification of milk by adding 30 per cent. of water, was sentenced to three months imprisonment and 50 francs fine. M. Pharisien, milkman, 22 street St. Benoit, milk falsified *by the subtraction of cream*, six days imprisonment and 50 francs fine. M. Cordier, wine merchant, 14 Rue Boutebrie, wine falsified by the addition of water, six days imprisonment and 50 francs fine. M. Villin, grocer, 36 Rue Papincourt, coffee falsified with chicory, six days imprisonment and 50 francs fine.

In this country, on the other hand, it would doubtless be considered the height of injustice to punish a man for simply watering his milk, or abstracting the cream, before serving his customers. Why even poisoning the drink of the people with strychnine and other drugs seems to be considered quite an innocent practice! The idea of every man looking out for himself, is carried to a dangerous extreme in this particular—for no man is able to look out for himself, because he has not the right to oversee his neighbor's business. We want public officers whose special duty it shall be to see that the food and drink of the people are not tampered with; and, until we have such officers, it will be impossible to prevent the injurious adulteration of hundreds of articles of food, and of nearly all wines and liquors.

### BACK AGAIN.

Some years ago the tendency of the public mind in this part of the Union, was strongly towards direct popular elections. Officers who previously had been appointed by the Governor or the Judges of the Courts, were made directly elective by the people; and it was supposed that great good would result from the change. But the tendency is now just as strongly the other way. The first move was to transfer the selection of the Board of Prison Inspectors from the people to the Judges of our Courts. This was done several years ago; and the result was so universally admitted to be good, that an almost unanimous cry went up from this city to Harrisburg, for a similar change in respect to two other Boards, that of Health, and of the Guardians of the Poor. Now these also are to be appointed by the Judges of three of the Courts, and no longer elected. One thing is certain, that the change cannot be for the worse. The common name of one of these Boards—earned by its notorious corruptions—was the "Board of Buzzards"—and the difference between the two was only that "between Hawk and Buzzard," which is notoriously very little. If these changes also prove for the better, whether we are to see a further movement in the same direction, time alone can tell. We simply note them, as interesting to the calm and philosophic observer, and as "signs of the times."

### QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

C. L. M. We really cannot inform our lady correspondent where she can find "the rules for writing correct blank verse." One thing, however, we can inform her, that the rules would not help her if she had them. Poetry written by rule could only be crammed down the public throat by some absolute ruler. And blank verse is the most difficult kind of poetry—except that species of *blank* verse which one meets with so frequently in the papers of very *obliging* editors.

N. D. Our correspondent wants us to inform the people of his neighborhood—Rocky Station, Lee county, Virginia—how to plant a grove of nineteen trees in straight rows, five trees to be in each row. He says it can be done, as it can, in the following way:—First form a circle with a centre, then divide the circle into six equal parts by six dots; then make nine straight lines from dot to dot; where the lines cross one another put dots—then, at all the dots, plant trees.

GRAHAM. The exclusively vegetable diet theory, we believe, is now pretty generally abandoned, both in precept and practice. The difference between a vegetable and flesh diet is not very great, in regard to elements, but principally probably in regard to convenience. As the Scripture says, "all flesh is grass." The stomach of a man not being so capacious as that of an ox, instead of eating the grass himself, he puts it through the ox, which animal acts as a great labor-saving machine, and gives him the grass in a more condensed, nutritious, and lively form. Now an exclusively vegetable eater simply makes an ox of himself. He has to eat a great deal in order to get sufficient nourishment, his stomach is swelled out to undue proportions, and his nature gradually assimilates to that of the ox and the cow. Whether horns would ultimately begin to spring out of his forehead, we do not know: but in the cases of married men especially, such a result might naturally be feared. It must not be supposed, however, that we have any fanatical objection to an exclusively vegetable diet. We are for allowing men to eat what they please, when they please, and how they please. Perhaps also in the case of those who have been in the habit of going to an excess in the consumption of meat, a vegetable diet for a while may be really productive of good. In fact, it is in this way we account for the stories we have heard of men considering themselves so greatly benefitted by abandoning the flesh-pots. We apprehend, in conclusion, that moderation in the use of all things, is about the best rule of diet that can be framed—eat everything not hurtful, fish, flesh, fowl, fruit, and vegetable, in moderation, and you will do better than to confine yourself to any one article, or class of articles. As to the moral effects of a vegetable as contrasted with a meat diet, we may say that the great nations of the world are meat eaters. The vegetable eating nations are no better than the flesh eating ones—they are only weaker and more timorous.

A. B. We do not care to have articles upon the subject you mention. As to the manner in which authors proceed in composing their stories, you had better write to a number of them for information. From reading some of the fictions popular in the present "enlightened era," we should suppose that their authors had visited the insane asylums, procured the remarkably truthful experiences of the wildest and craziest of the inmates, tacked them together, and thus given them some bloody and tremendous title.

HERALD. Every family has not a "coat of arms"—there are more coats without arms than with them in this country. A good coat of arms for a wealthy blacksmith would be a blacksmith's apron—for a dry goods' merchant, a yardstick—for a lawyer, a double-tongue—for a minister, a sign-post—for an editor, a quill, or pair of scissors—for a tailor, a goose, &c., &c., &c. We might extend the list, but an appropriate emblem will occur to you for almost every trade, occupation or profession. Properly chosen, a coat of arms is a very good thing, reminding the children of how their fathers made their money, and thus preventing them from taking on airs; improperly chosen, however, they are productive of more harm than good. We regret to add, that about ninety-nine in the hundred now-a-days, are improperly chosen—not only having no reference to the rise of the family, but even studiously ignoring the means by which they mounted to a respectable position in the world, which "respectability" is generally supposed to consist in "keeping their carriage and pair." In the old times this was very different. Then, the badge of a family had a direct reference to the events which brought it into notice.

## New Publications.

### NOTES ON BOOKS.

The latest English historian, taking Germany as the most remarkable instance of the accumulation of knowledge, finds in America the best example of its diffusion. Undoubtedly there is no other country where there is so broad and strong a tendency to distribute the general stock of knowledge equally among all classes. General Information is not only the most popular General we have among us, but is also one of the presiding genii of American life and destiny. To have general information is the ambition of every smart young American. The main question then is—how best to get it? Answering this question, Yankee-like, by asking another, we reply—how better than by the Cyclopædia? The Cyclopædia is a whole library in little, and furnishes the mind with all the results of all the inquiries. What better preparation for a profound knowledge on any subject, than the general knowledge on all subjects which the Cyclopædia bestows? A good Cyclopædia gives us the summary and substance of all that is known, and has therefore innumerable uses, to say nothing of the vast and varied fund of entertainment it always holds in store. A person casting about for a household treasure of this kind, might go further and fare worse than THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA, edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA, and published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Five large volumes of this work are now before the public, the list of subjects treated reaching beyond the letter C. Here, then, already is a mass of information in which every person of whatever calling can find a hundred things especially useful and interesting to himself. Science, Art, Literature, Philosophy, Religion, Politics, Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures, Law, Medicine, Mathematics, History, Biography, Astronomy, Geography, Chemistry, Travels, Mechanics, Inventions, and Trades, all yield their stores to the reader. Many of the articles we have read, and found not only valuable for the information they afford, but extremely entertaining, not a few being written with much literary power and beauty. Historical matters are given, not after Dr. Dryasdust's style, but in a flowing narrative form, and the same is true of the biographical sketches, some of which are as nicely critical as brilliant. Particular care seems to have been taken in the preparation of the articles on Agriculture and its branches, on the Mechanic Arts, and on the subjects covered by Practical Science, such as the heating and ventilation of houses, the preparation and nature of food, the details of Domestic Economy, &c. The work, too, is popular in style, being plain, direct and concise in conveying its intelligence. It is also, peculiarly American in character, inasmuch as it gives great attention to subjects especially belonging to this country, which are probably never fully treated in a foreign Cyclopædia, and besides treats matters which the political relations or public opinion of foreign countries would in all likelihood prevent from appearing in a work of this kind. We cannot, however, descant on all the excellent features and advantages of the new Cyclopædia. A notice of this sort must not be regarded for either criticism or comment, but rather considered as a bell to call people together to examine for themselves. Everybody who will look into the work will soon ascertain its value. The agent for Philadelphia is Mr. John McFarlan, at the Arcade Hotel.

Talking of values, who does not know the value of the lamented Downing's work on THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF LANDSCAPE GARDENING? The sixth edition has just been issued, (A. O. Moore & Co., New York,) with a supplement by Mr. W. H. Sargent, chiefly relating to the planting of Evergreens.

A new life of the Revolutionary hero, BARON STEUBEN, with an introduction by George Bancroft, has been written by Mr. Frederick Kapp, (Mason Brothers, New York.) It is a complete biography, executed with the thoroughness characteristic of the German scholars. In the preface the author complains of the rude treatment he received at the hands of certain offi-

cials in Washington, while endeavoring to pursue his researches at the State Archives. That a scholar, engaged upon a noble, and, indeed, in a peculiar sense, a national work, should have been thus insulted, is nothing less than shameful.

Germane to these days of Philidor and Morphy his prophet, is Mr. Munroe's SCIENCE AND ART OF CHESS, (C. Scribner, New York,) and also the CHESS HANDBOOK, (E. H. Butler, Philadelphia.)

TWO WAYS TO WEDLOCK, (Rudd & Carleton, New York,) is a novelet, pleasant as a summer flower. ROB ROY, KENILWORTH, THE ABBOT, and QUENTIN DURWARD, follow, for twenty-five cents apiece, cheap edition, (T. B. Peterson, Phila.) And for sound and scholarly reading, there is THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for April, just issued. (Zieber, Phila.)

# CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR G. H.—

Among the benevolent institutions of our city, is one which is very little heard of—a most quiet and unostentatious Charity, whose advocates are more eloquent in *deeds* than in words—toiling on against fearful odds, with a silent devotion, and strength which is daily renewed at the divine fountains of faith and love. This Charity is for the help and redemption of those of whom the world, even the Christian world, most despairs—who are the last to whom it offers aid, comfort and encouragement—our poor lost sisters—the Magdalenes. Those wretched, fallen creatures, who lurk in the shadows of our civilization and Christianity, in a paganism and barbarism of the soul, unspeakably fearful and deplorable—who walk our streets with ghastly smiles on their enticing lips, death's red brand on their hectic cheeks and the slow fire of the soul's unquenchable torture burning in their eyes—dwellers in crowded and loathsome haunts of vice and crime, or the mistresses of gilded houses of dishonor, luxurious abodes of sin and degradation, which are yet but painted sepulchres—perfumed hells.

Moral lepers are they, whom society casts out as unclean, whose lives poison the blood of the world—melancholy wrecks of womanhood, drifting on a shoreless, sunless sea—withered branches, lopped off from the great tree of humanity, to be trodden under foot, or swept away into crevices and chasms of decay and forgetfulness—soul stars, kindled from the life of God, fallen from their primal places into abysmal, outer darkness.

That there is hope for even these hopeless ones, these poor exiles from home, humanity and heaven, the words and example of Jesus forbid us to doubt—and while there is hope that even *one* Magdalene may be brought to *His* feet, who will not scorn her tears, or reject her humble offering—effort should surely not be wanting. So thought a little band of noble Christian women, who, about twelve years ago, united to form the "*Rosine Association*," of this city. These women recognized in the most abandoned and apparently shameless creatures that walk our streets—*sisters*—women like unto themselves, only more unfortunate—saw that their wildest revelries were but insane despairs—their pleasures and luxuries but tinselled horrors and garlanded death—heard in their songs and laughter, their obscenities and blasphemies, stifled sobs, weary sighs, and the groans of breaking hearts.

They believed that there was a sacred river, in whose waters the most foul leprosy of the soul could be cleansed away; they believed that each of those piteous wrecks of womanhood bore within it yet the priceless treasure of immortality—that those withered branches of humanity were yet not utterly dead, but that, taken out of the mire and the blackness of shame and pollution, set beside the waters of life that flow from the throne of God, and tended by love and mercy, they would take root, put on verdure, and blossom in heavenly beauty. They even believed that those fallen stars might yet be restored to their places, might yet join in creation's choral hymn of praise and thanksgiving. Thus believing, they began their great, sad work—one of those enterprises of divine difficulty which only those who are moved and sustained by the patient, loving, trusting, unconquerable spirit of Christ ever undertake. They had, from the first, to stem a tide of unreasonable prejudice and vulgar ridicule; and what was worse, a deep, though sluggish under-current of disheartening unbelief. Their fervent appeals were but coldly received, even by charitable hearts—their faith was regarded as a sort of pious folly—their enterprise as benevolence gone mad.

Upon the majority of the Christian world, the example of Christ in regard to fallen women, seems to have been lost. If Christians refrain from stoning the erring woman, they at least, leave her to destroy herself,—by a slow and far more cruel death. Few reach forth a hand to help her out of the pit into which she is fallen. They will not believe that she can "go and sin no more." They make reformation almost impossible for her. They shrink as Jesus shrank not, from the sorrowful presence of the Magdalene—*they* would feel pollution in her very tears, and shame in the piteous, penitent sweep of her hair.

Because of this, and the false delicacy which prevails throughout society, the friends and officers of this association have had great difficulty in establishing and sustaining their little institution, among the more pretentious and popular charities of the day. What they have done has been done, as I said before, most quietly. There have been for its benefit, no fairs, no festivals, no great lectures, and but few public meetings. Only such as are on the alert for opportunities of doing good, to the most needy, the most neglected classes, know anything of the Rosine Association—its noble object, and the angelic work of mercy and redemption, it has already performed.

The plan of this society is thus simply stated in the Constitution:—"To secure from vice and degradation, a class of women who have forfeited their claims to the respect of the virtuous—to prepare and maintain for them, an asylum, which, by its system of religious instruction, shall elevate their moral nature—teach them how to gain an honest living by the work of their own hands, and eventually to render them useful members of the community."

The work it has accomplished is the thorough reformation of hundreds of erring and most unhappy creatures, and their restoration to society, as earnest, humble workers for the Lord. It is true the lost purity and honor can never wholly be made up for—can, at best, but be succeeded by the sad peace of accepted repentance;—but is it not much that lips which for a dark and shameful season, gave forth fierce oaths, vile jests and hollow laughter, now dare to breathe again the words, *mother, home, God*,—now tremble with soft emotion, and smile in gratitude and faint hope? Is it not much that from some eyes the cruel torture-fire has gone out forever, and been succeeded by the tender, tremulous light of a humble joy—the joy of those to whom much has been forgiven, because of their much loving?

Yesterday was held the Annual Meeting of the "Rosine Association." The Report was read—an admirable paper, written with great eloquence and power, and several brief addresses were made—all by ladies. It was beautiful to hear some of the noblest and purest of our matrons pleading for their fallen sisters—and to see fair young girls weeping over the woes and the degradation of those whose very existence polite society ignores, in heartless scorn, or delicate disgust—at whose presence in our churches, though kneeling in tearful contrition, the fashionable Religion of the day would gather up its garments in pharisaical abhorrence.

An earnest appeal was made in the Report, and afterwards by the Treasurer of the Society, a brave and devoted woman, for funds to build a new Asylum. The present edifice is far too small for the purpose—being only capable of accommodating comfortably about forty inmates—though seventy have been crowded into it. It was stated that poor girls had come to the Asylum—pleading for admittance into it, as to an ark of safety—but that the officers had been obliged to send them "away sorrowing"—back into the hideous life from which they had momentarily escaped. I listened to this, at first, as to other melancholy statements made at the meeting, sadly but calmly,—then all at once, the full force of the fact swept over me in a surge of horror! I trembled, and gasped for breath. Think how piteous and fearful a thing it is, that in a Christian community such appeals should be unheeded!—that such opportunities for redeeming God's poor, erring children should, for the want of a little money, be lost in a country that prides itself on its gigantic missionary enterprises! Why, only two Sundays ago, I saw a collection taken up for that very wise, practical and pressing charity—the conversion of the Catholics of France!—Christianizing Christians! I would say nothing against foreign missions in general—God's blessing evidently rests on all such as are truly Christian in object and conduct—but I do say that the grandest, divinest field of missionary labor lies in our streets—in those hidden, heathen cities within cities—those dark prison-houses of shame and sin, from which now and then a poor wretch escapes—flies to Christians for help, and asks in vain! What is the call from Africa, or Asia, or the Isles of the Southern Seas, to *this* appeal for rescue from the black pits of pollution, from dens of fiery serpents—this "exceeding bitter cry," this wild shriek for help, from souls swept down the fearful rapids of vice and degradation, nearing fast the verge of death and the abyss of hell?

I speak strongly, for I feel so. It seems to me a reproach to our Christianity and humanity that this Association receives so little aid and sympathy in its work of divine charity.—But all will come right yet, I doubt not.—Christians and moralists are being awakened out of their sinful apathy on this subject—earnest workers for the world's redemption are beginning to see the fearful need of labor in a long-shunned and custom-forbidden field of reform. Ministers are leaving dry theological disquisitions, and bravely denouncing licentiousness—whether it holds up a jewelled forehead in palaces, or grovels in the filth and squalor of the noisome alley. The best among them, not only denounce the sin, but in the spirit of their divine Master, plead for pity and help for the sinner; holding out to him and her the gracious promises of pardon and redemption.

The Rev. E. H. Chapin, of New York, has lately delivered a noble discourse on "Shameful Life." In it, his eloquence, usually so like the large, profound, surge-like melody of a grand Cathedral organ, deepens into thunder, which, it seems to me, should rouse the whole world. There is something absolutely awful in its sublime bursts of warning and denunciation, in the blaze of its fearful imagery, its lurid picturing of sin and despair—the intolerable light of God's truth flashing into the most secret places of fashionable vice and refined profligacy—the fiery bolts of His wrath plunging into the lowest depths of debauchery and shame.

For this solemn and most pathetic appeal—for his apostolic courage and Christlike charity, he *must* receive the blessing of Him who came especially to redeem the most hopeless sinners, to save the outcast and the lost.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

☞ A sharper having observed that there was no knowing one's friends till they were tried, was asked if most of his friends had not been *tried* already!

☞ The inhabitants of the regions of gusty winds have weather-beaten faces, and lines as of the tempests blown howling into their skins. Mountain races have stony or granitic features, as of rocks abandoned to the barren air. The people of moist and marshy places look watery and lymphatic. Those where extremes of temperature prevail for long periods are leathern and shrivelled, as though their skins had given up the contest with Nature, and died upon their faces.—*Wilkinson's "Human Body and its Connexion with Man."*

☞ The poet Bryant says: "Every year I live I value the heart more than the head. My dearest friends, those to whom I go for the wisest and purest counsel, are men more remarkable for their goodness than learning."

# LETTER FROM PARIS.

FROZEN SHOWERS—FLORAL IMPRUDENCE—MODERN FRENCH NOVELS—THE GREAT LIBRARIES OF EUROPE—SHAKESPEARE IN A NEW DRESS—STRIKING THE BALANCE—A JUVENILE BANQUET—A RETENTIVE MEMORY—A MATRIMONIAL CHANCE—MARTIAL ADORNMENT.

*Paris, March 17, 1859.*

*Mr. Editor of the Post:*

The lovely weather in which we have been, for a month past, "rejoicing with trembling," and which has been bringing hyacinths, auriculas, peach trees and lilacs, out into an unseasonable bloom, has been succeeded by a week of blustering winds, and the sudden violent showers of hail and sleet which are known here as the *giboullées* of March; as habitual as the proverbial April showers, and the same as these, with the pleasant addition of being, for the most part, frozen. The chestnuts of the groves of the Tuileries-gardens are already showing their tiny green fans; and the famous tree known for a century or two past as the "Twenty-Third of March," from its habit of showing blossoms on that day, seems likely to maintain its historical reputation. Despite the showers, the gardens are full of children and promenaders, the high winds drying the ground very speedily, and gleams of warm sunshine coming out between the showers.

The Parisians habitually spend so much time in the open air, and in places of amusement, parties, &c., that they have very little leisure for reading; and the libraries, with the exception of the magnificent ones in the various public buildings, are filled with the merest trash. Scarcely any of them contain anything but novels; and these are usually, in France, of a very unedifying description. Nothing analagous to the mass of good English fiction exists here; there is little of what the Anglo-Saxon races understand by domestic life; and consequently this especial phase of existence, on whose purity, unity, and refinement so much of the more important part of national education depends, figures very slightly in French literature. The French, as a people, though very witty, and often saying keen and brilliant things, (generally untranslatable, however,) have almost no perception of *humor*. They can't understand it; and the subtle and genial spirit whose merry or dainty fancies would delight the public of England or America, is utterly without appreciation on the part of French readers. They have no idea of what it means.

In order to make up an interesting story, most French writers contrive a complicated plot, put in plenty of incident, for the most part gracefully imagined and neatly dovetailed, and sprinkle the whole, not so much with attic salt, as with the hottest possible cayenne pepper. Though the literature of France contains many undoubted *chefs d'œuvre*, yet it is certainly no exaggeration to say that not one in a thousand of French novels are fit to be put into the hands of young people, or could be read with interest by right-minded people of any age. I have often been struck by the admiration of English domestic literature expressed to me by French ladies reading the language (a very limited class, by the way,); and the surprise they seemed to feel that a story could be at once interesting, amusing, and pure in tone. The superiority of fiction so compounded, over the hollow brilliance and defective moral tone of the average of French novels, is freely admitted by those who can read the former; while the translations which are made from time to time of popular English and American stories, are almost always admired in France; the picturesque, descriptive, and domestic, being, however, the general favorites. Humor, as remarked above, is, for the most part, utterly lost on French readers.

But if French novels, in spite of their grace and charm, leave much to be desired, and the common run of the libraries which let out books on hire, be of a very low character, the libraries of the Bibliothèque Imperiale, of Sainte Geneviève, the Institute, and the great public schools, are superior to those of any other city. The Imperial Library alone, in the Rue de Richelieu, besides its stores of manuscripts, illuminated missals, &c., which are the richest in Europe, contains above 800,000 printed works; while the Library of the British Museum contains only 560,000, the Public Imperial Library of St. Petersburg 520,000, the Royal Library of Berlin 520,000, that of Munich 480,000, that of Copenhagen 410,000, the Imperial Library of Vienna 365,000, the Library of Goettengen University 360,000, the Royal Library of Breslau 350,000, the Royal Library of Dresden 305,000. Twenty-five years ago the Library of the British Museum occupied only the seventh rank in size and importance among the great public collections; it has now risen to the second, and is growing with great rapidity. It is probable, therefore, that the close of the century may witness a different arrangement of these national institutions, as far as regards their relative importance.

Talking of French literature, reminds me that a son of Victor Hugo has just brought out a translation of Shakspeare's works, very much more faithful to the spirit and form of the original, than any of the translations hitherto produced. Still, much that to northern ears and feelings is finest in the immortal Bard of Avon, is inevitably lost in the passage into French. The criticisms contained in the "literary notices" called forth by the appearance of this translation, are often very amusing, betraying the most comical mistakes on the part of the would-be-judges. Thus, one critic speaks of "Yorick" as being one of the personages in Hamlet; while another sapient and enlightened commentator speaks of Claudio and Isabella, in Measure for Measure, as a pair of unfortunate and devoted lovers!

The illustrious poet (who beguiles his days of exile in the pretty little island of Jersey, by abusing the country whose liberal policy affords him a refuge within sight of his native shores,) is understood to take a due fatherly interest in the literary achievements of his son; but has always been severe and close in the relation of Paterfamilias. Everything in his house (though that house was a gem of refined and costly elegance in all its arrangements, and filled to overflowing with the rarest artistic treasures) was conducted on principles of the strictest and narrowest economy; so much being allowed at breakfast, so much at lunch and dinner, so much fuel, so much soap, and so forth; no infringement being permitted. Thus, young Hugo, who was invited in every direction to balls, soirees, and dinner-parties, and whose allowance was so very narrow that he was perpetually at his wits' end to pay his tailor, buy his gloves, and provide for his other little personal expenses, sought his mother, on one occasion, to intercede with the Count in order to obtain for him the permission to have one more clean shirt per week. "You know, dear mother," urged the young man, "that a clean shirt is really indispensable at a *soirée*; how can I present myself among all the elegant young men at Madame So-and-so's, in a crumpled shirt?" The Countess sympathized with her son's embarrassments, and urged the granting of an additional "clean shirt" weekly, so eloquently and convincingly, that the post-nobleman could resist no longer. "*Eh bien*, give him then, every week, one clean shirt more, and one mutton-chop less." An arrangement which the young man joyfully accepted; purchasing the right to send one more shirt each week to the wash, by the suppression of one day's "chop" at lunch!

The "hope of France" is being "brought up" under very different auspices than were the children of the poet who, perhaps more than any other French writer, has expatiated delightfully on home and the domestic sentiments, and forgotten to profit by his own sayings. The Emperor went to Giroux's, a few days ago, to ransack that splendid establishment for toys to be presented to his "heir" on his birthday; a fact which the heads of that emporium have of course taken care to trumpet forth for the benefit of the public and their own. On the child's birthday, the children of the 82d regiment of the Guards, in which he was enrolled at the time of his birth, and from which he regularly draws pay, presented his Imperial Highness with a bouquet, and then dined with him; the little fellow listening gravely to an address read by his young comrades in his honor, and presiding in a high chair, with due dignity, at the centre of the table. A repetition of the birthday dinner of last year; with the addition of one more year being added to the ages of host and guests.

The "gossip" of Paris is an ever-changing kaleidoscope, presenting by turns the most diverse glimpses of social life. At one moment we see nothing but the phantoms of war which, though less universal than was the case a month ago, are still far from having disappeared; the next shifting of the instrument shows us some ludicrous figure, or some odd idea, which serves to entertain the fickle public of this great whispering-gallery for a few hours. Thus, a few days ago, one of the morning papers announced that a countryman, from Bergundy, who had come to Paris to sell a lot of wine and to have the pleasure of a peep at the wonders of the capital, had left his inn after breakfast, strolled about the city for several hours, and had then found it impossible to make his way back to his quarters, having forgotten the name of the inn and of the street in which it was, and only certain of one point, viz.: that the name of the street in question ends with an *i*. Having wandered about in search of streets ending with an *i* until he was ready to drop with fatigue and hunger, the unlucky countryman had taken up his quarters in some new lodgings, where he would wait until the master of the inn he had so imprudently quitted should come for him, as the paragraph in the paper referred to entreated him to do, giving the address of his present whereabout. This advertisement had fortunately the desired effect, having caught the eye of the landlord in question, who sent forthwith to reclaim his lodger, and bring him back to his room and his trunk, in which all the countryman's money was contained. It turns out, however, that the street whose name so certainly ended with an *i*, is no other than the Boulevard Mazas!

Another incident of lower-story life which has also been amusing the good people here, is a printed circular, to the following effect, which has just been sent to half the *concierges* of the faubourg St. Germain.

"Monsieur DELFORTE, aged 40 years, exercising the profession of ladies' shoemaker and concierge, in —— street, owing to an unhappy event has become a widower, and having saved a sum of 4,000 francs, wishes to marry again, and would like to find a cook or chambermaid between 30 and 40 years of age. I beg the concierge, if he knows of a suitable person among his acquaintances, to let me know. I will pay him 50 francs for his trouble."

Underneath this printed paragraph is written, "Come and see me, if agreeable to you; you will see there is no horror in my announcement."

Let us hope that the disconsolate widower, who has hit upon so novel a way of enlarging the field of his matrimonial chances will end by finding the "cook or chambermaid," who shall happily repair the inroad caused by "an unfortunate event" in his domestic felicity, and assist him in adding to the store of francs already saved.

The latest news about his ex-majesty of Hayti informs us that he has taken a house at Jamaica, having, for the present, given up the idea of coming to France. A concoctor of literary gossip here, in a review of a book just published about Hayti and its people, extracts the following:

"One morning, when a grand review was held, I had the curiosity," says the author, "to examine somewhat more closely the plates of metal which shone so brightly on the fronts of the hats worn by the grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, and I distinctly read, on those brilliant ornaments, these words, stamped in the metal, 'Sardines à l'huile. Barton & Co., L'Orient.' The contractor charged to furnish the caps for this favorite regiment, had evidently found it more economical to cut out these plates from a quantity of old sardine-boxes than to provide a more appropriate embellishment; the Haytian generals being, moreover, too slightly versed in the art of reading to detect anything amiss in the singular ornament thus introduced into the head gear of their soldiers."

QUANTUM.

# WEBSTER'S ORTHOGRAPHIC PECULIARITIES.

Webster's orthography has been the stumbling block of his Dictionary through its whole history. That is the feature of the work that has provoked the greatest hostility against it; that is the feature which has rendered the work really and permanently mischievous; and that is the feature for which no adequate excuse can be put forward. That peculiarity has impeded the sale of the work by thousands on thousands of copies, and yet that peculiarity is so insignificant in actual dimensions that it bears about the same proportion to the whole work as a mosquito bears to the bulk of a man he is tormenting. To exhibit the real magnitude of this *petite misere* before the eyes of our readers, so that they can weigh and measure it for themselves, we will now spread the entire monster in our columns—hands, feet, head, organs and dimensions—and we can imagine their exclamation: "What! is that all!—*That!* Has *that* made so much uproar in the literary world?"

I.—MISCELLANEOUS.

| *Correct Orthography.* | *Webster's Orthography.* |
|---|---|
| Axe | Ax |
| Comptroller | Controller |
| Contemporary | Cotemporary |
| Defence | Defense |
| Offence | Offense |
| Pretence | Pretense |
| Ambassador | Embassador |
| Gauntlet | Gantlet |
| Drought | Drouth |
| Height | Hight |
| Molasses | Melasses |
| Mould, ing, ed, er, etc., | Mold, etc. |
| Moult, ing, ed, | Molt, etc. |
| Plough, ing, ed, | Plow, etc. |
| Practise (verb) | Practice |
| Staunch | Stanch |
| Ton | Tun |
| Woe | Woe |

II.—WORDS PROPERLY SPELLED WITH TWO L'S, WHICH WEBSTER SPELLS WITH ONE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Bevelling, etc., | Beveling, etc. |
| Benefitting, etc., | Benefiting, etc. |
| Blassing, etc., | Blasing, etc. |
| Cancelling, etc., | Canceling, etc. |
| Cavilling, etc., | Caviling, etc. |
| Counselling, etc., | Counseling, etc. |
| Counsellor | Counselor |
| Crystallize, etc., | Crystalize, etc. |
| Drivelling, etc., | Driveling, etc. |
| Duelling, etc., | Dueling, etc. |
| Enamelling, etc., | Enameling, etc. |
| Equalling, etc., | Equaling, etc. |
| Gravelling, etc., | Graveling, etc. |
| Jeweller, etc., | Jeweler, etc. |
| Labelling, etc., | Labeling, etc. |
| Libelling, etc., | Libeling, etc. |
| Levelling, etc., | Leveling, etc. |
| Marshalling, etc., | Marshaling, etc. |
| Modelling, etc., | Modeling, etc. |
| Paneling, etc., | Paneling, etc. |
| Perilling, etc., | Periling, etc. |
| Ravelling, etc., | Raveling, etc. |
| Rivalling, etc., | Rivaling, etc. |
| Revelling, etc., | Reveling, etc. |
| Rivetting, etc., | Riveting, etc. |
| Shovelling, etc., | Shoveling, etc. |
| Travelling, etc., | Traveling, etc. |
| Tinselled, | Tinseled, |
| Worshipping, etc., | Worshiping, etc. |

III.—WORDS PROPERLY SPELLED WITH ONE L, WHICH WEBSTER SPELLS WITH TWO.

| | |
|---|---|
| Enrol | Enroll |
| Enthral | Enthrall |
| Fulfil | Fulfill |
| Dulness | Dullness |
| Fulness | Fullness |
| Instalment | Installment |
| Instil | Instill |
| Distil | Distill |
| Skilful, ness, ly, | Skillful, etc. |
| Thraldom | Thralldom. |
| Wilful, ness, ly, | Willful, etc. |

IV.—WORDS PROPERLY TERMINATING IN RE, WHICH WEBSTER SPELLS ER.

| | |
|---|---|
| Calibre | Caliber |
| Centre | Center |
| Fibre | Fiber |
| Accoutre | Accouter |
| Lustre | Luster |
| Manœuvre | Maneuver |
| Meagre | Meager |
| Metre | Meter |
| Mitre | Miter |
| Ochre | Ocher |
| Sabre | Saber |
| Sceptre | Scepter |
| Sombre | Somber |
| Theatre | Theater |

This list contains *seventy-two* words, which, with their derivatives, chiefly in Class II. (as *Travelling, Travelled, Traveller,*) may amount to one hundred and forty in all. Some words may have been omitted; but one hundred and sixty would include every item of Webster's innovation.

We omit such words as *public, music, physic*, etc., formerly spelled with a final *k*; and *honor, favor*, etc., formerly spelled with a *u*, because those two classes of changes have been gradually adopted by good writers.—*Home Journal.*

☞ "How do you do, Mr. Smith?"

"Do *what*?"

"Why, how do you find yourself?"

"I never *lose* myself."

"Well, how have you been?"

"Been—been *where*?"

"Pshaw! how do you feel?"

"Feel of me and see."

"Good morning, Mr. Smith."

"It's not a good morning—it's wet and nasty."

And the parties separated.

☞ Sympathy is, perhaps, the origin of all the pleasures of the mind, and if critics have pre-supposed other laws and rules of art for appreciating and judging the beautiful, the rest of the world are, nevertheless, governed by their own feelings. A passage which excites a deep interest or awakens our curiosity, which circulates our blood more rapidly and checks our respiration, which takes possession of our whole heart, and whose fiction was the semblance of reality, has fully attained the objects of its author, and has accomplished the highest effort of art.—*Sismondi.*

☞ Genius may exist without the presence of heart, but it is the temple without the Shekinah.

# THE LAST HEADSMAN IN GREECE.

He was a Frenchman of the name of Carripeze, and had been reduced by misfortunes, the details of which I do not now recollect, from a respectable station in society, to the greatest poverty, which he had the anguish of sharing with his beautiful wife and his two young daughters. * * He consented to be instructed in the headsman's horrible art, and to place himself at the service of the Greek Government, on condition that not only his true employment was to be kept secret from those who would wreak their vengeance on him, but that it was also to be strictly concealed from his own family. * * It was agreed that he should take up his abode at Egina, and work regularly as a mechanic, in order to avoid all suspicion of his real trade. Among the islanders the headsman and his family were received with the most flattering consideration.—Strangers are always welcome in Greece, and in this instance the wife was too beautiful, and the daughters too young and gay, not to be the greatest possible acquisition. Soon they became well known and greatly beloved on the island, and one of the young girls was married to the son of the principal proprietor in the place. * * For a considerable period his services were not required; but his inexorable destiny overtook him at last. A crime was committed, too revolting to pass unpunished. A man was poisoned by his wife; she was tried and condemned, and a ship of war despatched with the officers of justice to Egina, to convey Carripeze to the island of Santarin, where the sentence was to be executed. When they arrived at Egina the whole population hurried down to the beach, to ascertain the cause of so unusual a visit as that of a government vessel. The officers having landed, asked to be directed to the house of the public executioner. The islanders answered by laughing them to scorn, and declaring they had harbored no such character amongst them. The commanding officer, with a smile, inquired if they did not know a certain Carripese, and with considerable difficulty succeeded in convincing them that the man they loved and respected was, indeed, the common "bourreau." As the conviction forced itself upon them, one long loud shout of fierce anathemas rose with the name of Carripese through the air; their horror at having lived on such friendly terms with him, is not to be told. "I shook his hand, his blood-stained hand, this very morning, as if he had been my brother!" exclaimed one. "He lifted my poor child in his arms and kissed it!" shrieked a woman. "But I," exclaimed a young man, positively tearing his hair, "I have taken his daughter to be the wife of my bosom, and the blood of the headsman is flowing in the veins of my children!" Thus lamenting and cursing, the natives followed the officers to the house of the executioner. He was not there at the moment; and when they asked for him by that title, his wife, with horror in her looks, so passionately denied that her beloved husband could have any claim to it, that the people of Egina began to doubt once more. Just then Carripese himself appeared; he saw at a glance what was going forward; he knew his doom, and without a murmur signified to the officers his readiness to accompany them. They surrounded him with a strong guard, otherwise the populace would have torn him to pieces. * * They took him away—that miserable servant of public justice. His task was soon performed; it was, perhaps, all the easier for the extraordinary conduct of the criminal herself. * * His task performed, Carripeze returned to Egina, to his home. The same powerful guard was in requisition to conduct him to his house, and for greater security they landed at night, for they knew that henceforward the life of Carripeze must hang upon a thread, unless he could shield himself from the certain vengeance of the people of Egina. When he arrived at the door of his house—his only refuge—the miserable man found it closed against him. Within, there was a sound of weeping and praying; but the wife he had deceived so long, whose love seems to have turned to loathing, persisted in shutting him out from her house, as utterly as she had driven him from her heart! It was in vain he expostulated: but the fact of his arrival had become known, and already the infuriated population might be seen rushing towards him in resistless numbers. He called out to his wife that his life's blood was about to stain her very threshold, and then her heart melted to the father of her children! She opened the door, and he darted in, whilst the multitude raged round his stronghold, which they were only prevented from burning to the ground by the wish to spare his innocent family. * * One moonless night, when it was very dark, he stole out of his once dear home, where his presence was a curse, and went to breathe the fresh air on the beach. He had not advanced a hundred yards, when he fell prostrate to the ground, shot right through the heart; with so sure an aim, that he was dead before the shout of exultation, which followed his sudden fall, had burst from the lips of his avengers. The people had taken it in turns to lie in wait for him behind a certain lofty cypress tree, close to his house; and the two young men beneath whose bullets he fell, considered themselves most fortunate in having been the chosen of destiny for the execution of their purpose. Such was the fate of the last headsman of Greece, for I am not aware that any such functionary now exists there.—*Wayfaring Sketches among the Greeks.*

☞ Crimes are done in the dead of night. But can crimes be done in a December night under a Minnesota sky? Can man be mean and look at the stars as they tell him off like an unstrung bead from the world's neck, and fling him alone into the infinite space—a world himself—a microcosmic self-sufficient sphere, with nothing between him and God? One gets giddy with a sort of terror, looking into the steep heavens, and losing his foothold of the earth, falls as from a bridge, headlong into their dizzy depths. No man has learned the art of looking at the stars, till he has had this fearful sense of falling upward, of unmooring from the low world's weight, and swinging out upon an orbit of his own to seek his central sun, to tread the abysses God-ward.—*Editor of the St. Paul Pioneer.*

☞ Childhood and genius have the same master organ in common—inquisitiveness.

## THE YEARS.

[The following graceful and tender verses were written for a festival in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the graduation of the class of 1833, of Harvard College, by the Rev. E. T. S. Lowell, of Newark, N. J., author of the remarkable novel just published, "The New Priest in Conception Bay." They are worthy of a wider circulation than the narrow round of a college class:]

These years! these years! these naughty years!
Once they were pretty things!
Their fairy footfalls caught our ears.
Our eyes their glancing wings:
They flitted by our school-boy way.—
We chased the little imps in play.

We knew them, soon, for tricksy elves;
They brought the College gown,
With thoughtful books filled up our shelves,
Darkened our lips with down,
Played with our throat, and lo! the tone
Of manhood had become our own

They, smiling, stretched our childish size;
Their soft hands trimmed our hair;
Cast the deep thought within our eyes,
And left it glowing there;
Sang songs of hope in College halls,
Bright fancies drew upon the walls

They flashed upon us love's bright gem;
They showed us gleams of fame;
Stout-hearted work we learned from them,
And honor more than name.
And so they came and went away;
We said not, Go! we said not Stay!

But one sweet day, when quiet skies
And still leaves brought me thought,
When hazy hills drew forth my eyes,
And woods with deep shade fraught,
That day I carelessly found out
What work these elves have been about.

Alas! those little rogues, the years,
Had fooled me many a day,
Plucked half the locks above my ears,
And tinged the rest all gray.
They left me wrinkles great and small;—
I fear that they have tricked us all.

Well, give the little years their way;—
Think, speak, and write, the while;
Lift up the bare front to the day,
And make their wrinkles smile:
They shape the noblest living head;
They carve the best tomb for the dead.

## WHAT I WENT THROUGH TO GET HER.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

She is mine at last. No more doubts, no more fears, no more truckling to eccentric relations! She is mine—body, mind, and three per cents. (all but ten thousand settled upon her) mine! It is *my* bonnet that she is now taking such a time about tying on her head.—Well may I triumph; neither Jason in pursuit of the Golden Fleece—myth typifying a rich heiress, in whose presence the adventurer felt remarkably sheepish—nor Aladdin, nor the hero of any novel, ever went through a more trying ordeal than I. But let me calm these transports, that I may relate, in a simple, unimpassioned manner, what difficulties I had to surmount antecedent to the conversion of Miss Potts into Mrs. Pans.

Mr. Sidney Herbert wished to make all writers subscribe their names to their articles.—Short-sighted individual! were it not for the anonymous nature of this communication—for, of course, Pans is a *nom de plume*—modesty would prevent my informing him and the public generally of the fact that I have always been esteemed good-looking; so much so, indeed, that I have habitually noticed that my entrance into a drawing-room where ladies were assembled, has caused a decided sensation. While my features are thus prepossessing, and my figure, though somewhat short, of exquisite symmetry, my manners are so elegant, my address so pleasing, that I am almost as great a favorite with my own sex as with the other.

"Pans, old fellow," said Lord D———y to me only yesterday at the Conservative, "what charms have you got to make every one so fond of you? When you die or marry, the committee intend to put the porter in mourning, and have nothing but black-edged paper in the writing-room for a month."

It is gratifying to find one's self appreciated, and a bachelor London life had considerable charms for me, so that for some years I felt no inclination to follow the example of Hercules, and exchange my club for a distaff.

But the year before last was an eventful one for me; I had a touch of the gout, the wrong horse won the Derby, my principal tenant insisted on my helping him to drain, and I lost a lawsuit. So that when I heard that Miss Sarah Potts was likely to inherit the property of her paternal uncle, Colonel Sir George Potts, late Governor of Semetary Island, it occurred to me that I had danced much and carried flirtation to the very verge of proposal with that young lady, whose beauty had always fascinated, while her good temper had charmed me. Indeed, she had only needed this touch from the philosopher's stone to render her irresistible; so I packed up my portmanteau, and started for Scarborough, where the Potts family were then residing.

*Veni, vidi, vici!*

"But," whispered the dearest and most sensible of girls, as I wrapped her opera cloak round her pearly shoulders, on the most eventful of nights, "oh, Charles, beware how you offend my uncle, and, above all things, *humor my aunt!*"

If I pride myself upon anything, it is my power of making myself agreeable to everybody, of whatever age, sex, or condition—indeed, I have reason to suppose that some of my friends consider me actually stupid, so nicely can I adapt my conversation to my company—and it was with a confident heart and firm hand that I rang the bell of Colonel Potts's lodgings on the following morning.

The door opened with a suddenness which startled me, and I found myself opposite a six-foot footman, tall, stiff, and erect as a Potsdam grenadier, who went, at my desire, to see if his master was at home, and then returned with an affirmative answer, and heralded me up stairs.

As I entered the apartment, I heard a rustle, and saw the door of an inner room close, which distracted my thoughts for a moment, so that it required a violent effort of will to concentrate my attention on the object before me.—The object before me was a stout, short gentleman of about fifty, with white hair, white whiskers, and very shaggy white eyebrows—a chilling uniformity of color, somewhat relieved by his having yellows instead of whites to his eyes, while the same delicate primrose tinge spread over the surface of his cheeks and forehead, the whole countenance being warmed by the rich rosy tint of his nose. He wore gray trowsers, and a frock-coat not buttoned so closely as altogether to hide his fine linen shirt-frill and buff waistcoat. He carried his watch in his trowser-fob, had a great bunch of seals jingling and swaying about his epigastric regions, wore a heavy gold double eye-glass round his neck, choked himself up in a satin stock with a buckle behind it, and was altogether of the "old school."

"I knew Miss Potts formerly, sir," said I, plunging in at once; "indeed, I may say I was intimate with her family; so, seeing her here, and learning that she was at present residing with you, I have taken the liberty of calling—"

"No liberty at all, sir; as a friend of my late brother, I am delighted to make your acquaintance. Pray, be seated; Lady Potts will be down directly."

And we began to converse about a variety of topics, on some of which I found myself expressing very singular opinions, for, in my anxiety to bring the conversation round to Sarah, I said I hardly knew what, till at last, fearing he would form a bad opinion of me, I apologised for my inattention, and told him right out that I came as a suitor for his niece's hand.

He was rather taken aback, I think, for he hemmed and hawed and took snuff, and spent a considerable time in brushing off certain imaginary particles of the pungent dust from his shirt-frill before he answered.

"Quite right, Mr. Pans; you have acted in a very honorable and straightforward manner. Yes, you have done well to apply first to the commanding-officer for leave to—"

"A-ahem!" coughed some one in the next room; for a folding-door which spread across from wall to wall, but which did not fit very closely to the floor or ceiling, was the only partition separating the apartments, through which sound circulated with such ease that a poor lady could not even clear her throat without being overheard.

"By the by," continued the Colonel, "as our conference will probably be a longer one than I at first supposed, I will just finish a little pressing matter I was engaged upon when you came in, and return. I shall not be long." He left the room by the outer door, and presently after I heard that of the next room open and shut, and then voices.

"Whish—whish—shish—wish—shish."

"Well, my dear, what the dickens am I to say?"

"Hush—sh—sh—sh—sh. Whish—shish—whish."

"Wurwurwurrerwur," &c., &c.

The Colonel had gone to *his* commanding-officer for orders. In about ten minutes he came back.

"Pardon me," he said, "for keeping you waiting so long. Now for this matter we were speaking of. First, let me explain to you how far my authority extends over my niece. She can, of course, marry whom she pleases; but if I did not approve of the match, I should not consider myself bound to do anything for her; if, on the other hand, I and—and Mrs. Potts—were pleased with her choice, she would continue to hold the place she at present occupies in my will, and I should pay down as her marriage-portion L.x."

The voice went on, but what it uttered was inaudible to my mind for the next five minutes. The sum represented by *x* so far exceeded my expectations, that I was lost, bewildered, breathless with anxiety at the bare idea of losing my dearest Sarah; never had my imagination painted her charms in such glowing colors.

"And now," the Colonel was saying when I had somewhat recovered, "I should like to ask you a few questions. It is the fashion now-a-days to depreciate the advantages of birth and blood; to me they are of vital importance; I consider that there is as much difference between a gentleman and a plebeian, as between a race-horse and a donkey. I should like to hear a few details about your family."

While I was yet descanting on the merits of my forefathers, a dark object, observable through the slit of the door, was suddenly removed, the sunbeams gleamed in through one unbroken line, and, by a singular coincidence, Lady Potts immediately afterwards entered the room. She was a tall, bony woman, with a Roman nose, large under-jaw, muddy green eyes, sallow complexion, and low forehead. She was dressed in a magnificent velvet gown, wonderful black hair, a small lace cap, and chains, rings, and bracelets costly enough to make a garrotter howl at the thought that she never ventured out on foot after dusk. Her age was about— Whither are you hurrying me, pen indiscreet! respect the weakness of a weaker sex, and state ambiguously that her age was forty—*more or less*. The lady was stately, and alluded much to her late elevated position—in the colonies, I mean, not behind the door.

"The weather is very warm," said I.

"Well, I suppose it is," she replied; "but after so many years' residence in a tropical climate, I do not feel the heat so much as others."

"Ah! no, you would not. The scenery about here is very pretty."

"Is it? I dare say. Everything was so bright and on so gigantic a scale in Semetary Island, that these muddy waves, stunted trees, and little hillocks seem hardly worth looking at."

"Oh, no doubt. Ah! I think I saw you at the Assembly Rooms last night; very fine, are they not?"

She smiled loftily, and gently shook her head.

"I am no judge. My ball-room at the palace, &c., &c."

It was very hard work, but I at length succeeded in making a favorable impression, for Lady Potts made a sign to her sir, who, being well trained, immediately took up his cue.

"Well," said he, "to return to the matter you have called here to speak about, we must know a little more of you before we can make any promise. We leave this the day after to-morrow, and return to Norfolk, to be in time for the first of September. Come down and help me to murder the partridges. Are you a good shot?"

I left the house triumphant, but trembling. I had secured a footing, and a good one, but what a trial was before me! An examination is always a nervous thing, but fancy going in for an indefinite *viva voce*. That was the prospect before me. I returned at once to London, had my gun and shooting-gear put in order, selected an extensive assortment of clothes, and started for Montgomery Park, Norfolk, on Bartholomew's Eve (partridge reckoning.)

The coach put me down at a small inn called the "Montgomery Arms," where I found a dog-cart waiting for me, and then I had a three-mile drive through the Potts estates. The land was rich, the turnips fine, the grass good, the timber magnificent; and when I thought that all this might perhaps be one day mine, my brain grew dizzy, and my heart bounded in my bosom.

The Hall was a handsome building of white stone, the centre, with its portico and pillars, standing out in advance of the two wings, and was situated on a rising-ground, with a neat flower-garden in front, separated by an invisible haha from the park, which sloped gradually down to the shores of a small lake. The moment the dog-cart stopped, two grooms seized upon my luggage, and carried it round to the back of the house; and before I could jump to the ground, the front-door was open, and a tall, stiff footman standing on either side of it. The hall was spacious and handsome, with oaken panels, which were decorated with various humane instruments; the musket and bayonet of Christian civilization being alternated with the shield, spear, and club of heathen barbarism. At the further end, a dark-hued "buttons" was playing a tune on a bugle; and before I had time to wonder at a servant being allowed to cultivate his musical talents in a spot where he must necessarily annoy the whole household, the most solemn and punctilious of butlers came up to me and said: "The colonel has given orders, sir, that you are to go to your room at once; that is the dressing-bugle; when you hear the next, you will come down into the drawing-room. And he ushered me up stairs into a very comfortable bedroom, whither my luggage had preceded me.

I dressed myself as fast as I could, in hopes of getting a word with Sarah before dinner; and the dearest girl anticipated my wish, for, on opening the drawing-room door, I saw she was there alone.

Time was precious, so the one minute devoted to rapture being over, I said,

"Adored one, can you give me a hint?"

"Yes, you made a favorable impression at Scarborough, and will easily get on; at least I always do. They both spoil me. Never mind a little roughness; they mean nothing. Aunt is the dearest, most loveable, kindest of women, so long as she has her own way, and is not contradicted. She is rather a bigot, so you had better put your liberality in your pocket; and she thinks a good deal of her family—was a Miss Montgomery, and brought this estate to uncle."

"Ah! and Sir George?"

"Well, you must be very good, and keep your temper. Uncle is a dear, *dear* man, but rather inclined to order people about. You see aunt rules him, so he likes to rule others. His temper is somewhat violent at times, but he soon comes round, if not opposed; and then he tries to atone for what he has said or done while angry. Oh, I almost forgot; above all things, be very punctual; if you are ever late for breakfast or dinner, I will not answer for the consequences; and is there anything else? yes, if you could take snuff, it would please him. There goes the bugle!"

And to the tune of *Oh the Roast Beef of Old England*, Sir George and Lady Potts entered the room.

"Welcome, Mr. Pans, to Montgomery Hall," said the lady, graciously according me her hand.

"How do do? glad to see you," said the colonel. "Ready for the birds to-morrow? Have a pinch?"

Mindful of the final hint I had received from Sarah, I accepted the offer, and tried to drop the snuff while pretending, with much noise and apparent enjoyment, to draw it up into my nose; but a few grains more volatile than the rest insisted on making their way in, and I found it necessary to blow that organ.

"Niff, niff. Bless my soul, how disgusting! Niff, niff. What can it be? Why, it is your handkerchief! It's musk! Young man, you are offensive; come with me," said Sir George.

I am not over-patient by nature, and felt all the blood in my body fly to my face at this insult; but I thought of the stake I was playing for, swallowed my anger, and followed him.

"Throw the thing down; John, take that handkerchief away," said he, when we had reached the hall. "This way, Mr. Pans;" and he led me into his study, opened a folding washing-stand, poured water into the basin, and said, pointing to it: "Wash!"

I obeyed him, and we returned to the drawing-room.

"My lady is served," the butler presently announced; and as he did not speak literally, in which case we should have had but a tough and scraggy dinner, but metaphorically, I offered my arm.

"John," said Lady Potts to the footman who brought her soup, "is Flora well enough to come down?"

"No, my lady. Susan has been trying to get her to eat something all day, but the smell of food even seems to go against her."

"Oh, the poor suffering darling!" Oh, the sweet pet! I hope she will not die."

"I hope she will!" I mentally ejaculated, for a horrible suspicion flashed across my mind. Who was this Flora? a new favorite, an adopted child, destined to cause the dislocation of the principal facial ornament of my beloved Sarah? Dreadful thought, which I drowned in a glass of champagne; for, anyhow, there was the dowry, and even at the very worst, the dinner before me was most excellent, the wines delicious; and was I not by profession an epicurean philosopher?

Blessed dinner! thou one bright spot illuminating the twenty-four hours, cheering alike the clerk at his desk, the soldier on the march, the lawyer in court, the statesman on the benches, the student in his study.

My hosts grew almost good-tempered under the influence of good cookery and generous wine. Sir John condescended to explain that his aversion to scent arose from the disgust he had acquired for musk-rats in Semetary Island; and Lady Potts grew quite natural, and gave me many minute details of the sagacity of a favorite cat she had once had, whereupon I told her several interesting anecdotes relating to that wofully misunderstood animal, which shall not be confided to an undiscerning public, apt to confound poetical embellishment with want of truthfulness.

I could not manage to enjoy much conversation with my beloved Sarah, but consoled myself with the reflection that if all went well, I should get quite enough before "death or the poor-law commissioners us did part."

When the ladies had withdrawn, the Colonel ensconced himself in an easy-chair, and began pumping me in so obvious a manner that I had no difficulty in flowing to his entire satisfaction. At the end of about a bottle, he threw his napkin over his head and said:

"Ring when you want more claret; when you have had enough, go to the ladies, and make no noise"

And presently he snored.

When I entered the drawing-room, I found Sarah asleep on the sofa, and Lady Potts hanging over a basket adorned with pink silk.

"Was it a poor little dear suffering angel, den? Was a pretty creature with its little brown eyes."

Flora, doubtless! It was an infant, then, that had thus seduced the affections of the capricious lady from my Sarah—a mere infant! Surely babycide cannot be very wrong; one might have an accident and sit on the thing, and nobody be a bit the wiser. Such were my thoughts as I approached the basket, in which, to my intense relief, I saw a very fat, black, and tan spaniel, with long silky hair, and very apoplectic eyes.

> Forming desires for myself, this death
> Does seem the only happy one—to grow
> Fat in my heart and stomach, and so lie
> Flat on back, and never say a word,
> Drawing my breath high up, eating my fill,
> And saying: "Here I die away with pleasure:"

wrote that spiritual poet and philosopher, and Flora had nearly attained this euthanasia.

"What a beautiful dog!" I exclaimed. "Is it ill?"

"Oh, very, very ill. Poor dear Flora, she has quite lost her appetite, she who always enjoyed her food so! She has eaten nothing to-day but the wing of a chicken and a few macaroons."

"If you will allow me to examine her, I may be of some service; I am used to dogs. Ah! I see, very short breath, finds it difficult to stand. My dear Lady Potts, if this dog is not attended to, she will die."

"Oh, Mr. Pans. Poor Flora! what shall I do?"

"Well, I think I could save her if she were left entirely in my hands; but, above all things, no one must feed her but myself."

"Thank you, dear Mr. Pans; I will give directions. Oh, I shall be ever grateful to you if you should prove the blessed instrument of restoring my sweet doggy to health again!"

Sarah now woke up and joined us, and we had tea, and conversed on a variety of interesting topics; such as the antiquity of the Montgomery family, the general decay of old county families, and the sad prevalence of "new men;" the selfishness and ingratitude of the lower classes generally, and the immoral tendency of any efforts to do anything for them: in short, I exerted myself to the utmost of my power to tickle my lady's vanity and self-complacency, and to make her sensible that, while society owed numberless duties towards her, she owed none to society: I flatter myself, I made a considerable impression.

Lady Potts went to the other end of the room for some work, and I whispered to Sarah: "Will that do?"

"Ah, you dreadful hypocrite; it is quite shocking! I shall never know when to believe you in earnest," she replied, looking half-frightened, half-amused.

"It is very unpleasant. Nothing but the hope of winning you could make me stoop to such a course of proceeding."

"Oh, yes; I know it was necessary: indeed, it was I who advised it. But whatever my uncle and aunt's foibles, and however they behave to others, they are most kind to me, and it pains me to see their weak points so drawn out."

The colonel came in yawning, had a cup of tea, and then told me to get the backgammon-board and play a bit with him; which I did, playing as badly as possible, and never taking him up but once, when I could not help it: on which occasion he got into so violent a passion that I was glad of my previous forbearance; but as I managed to let him gammon me that very game, he soon recovered his, what-I-suppose-he-called good-humor.

Soon the sounds of the bugle were once more heard in the hall.

"There is half-past ten," cried Sir George. "Good-night, Mr. Pans. Now go to your bedroom. If you want to read, you will find plenty of books, papers, magazines, &c., in the library; and if you wish to smoke, you may."

Dressing-gowned, slippered, cigared, easy-chaired, paper-knifed, and Edinburgh Reviewed, I was reposing after my labors, dangers, and sufferings, when there came a knock at the door.

"Who is there?"

"Orders, sir."

"Orders! What is that? Come in."

A man-servant entered with a book bound in red, and having a brazen clasp, which he opened, and pointed out to me a particular page, from which I read:

"MONTGOMERY HALL, *August* 31, 18—.

"Mr. Pans of Lincolnshire, gent., arrived here this day on a visit.—The family will assemble for breakfast to-morrow morning at 8 A. M., in the library.—Colonel Sir George Potts and Mr. Pans will go out shooting at 9.30, lunching at Batt's Copse at 1, and returning to dinner at 5.30 P. M.—Miss Potts will ride Mabel at 2 P. M. to-morrow, William attending her on Merriman.—The cook will attend Colonel Sir George Potts in his study immediately after breakfast.—Lady Potts's spaniel Flora is placed under the care of Mr. Pans, until further orders."

There were several other directions to different servants concerning their duties, past, present, or to come; but nothing more affecting myself, so I shut the book, and handed it to the servant, who said:

"Lady Potts wishes to know whether you want her brought here, sir."

"Brought here! Lady Potts! Good heavens! Oh, ah—the spaniel! No, no; let her be taken to the stables. My compliments to Lady Potts, and the smell of horses is part of my system."

I fancy I detected the ghost of a grin on the man's face as he quitted the room, leaving me oppressed with one fearful fact—breakfast at eight! It hardly seemed worth while to go to bed at all if one was expected to rouse up in the dead of night like that; why, one would have to get up at seven!

However, I considered that other people had done such things, and that what man had done man could do again; so I turned in. But my sleep was restless and broken, haunted as I was by the idea of having to get up at a stated time; I kept dreaming I was late for breakfast, starting up in a fright, and sinking to sleep again.

Waking after the soundest of these naps, I found daylight streaming in through the window, and leaped out of bed, and into my bath in great alarm, not doubting that I had overslept myself. It was only while towelling my back that I glanced at my watch, and discovered that it was but six o'clock. However, I was wide awake; there was no use in turning in again, so I made up my mind to devote an hour before breakfast to Miss Flora; when I had done dressing, I went down to the stables, meeting on my way the man who had brought me the order-book the night before, carrying up my boots and hot water, who told me that I should find the dog in the loose box dedicated to Lady Potts's mare. That highly-favored animal was undergoing the morning operation of grooming with great patience and equanimity; fat, mild-eyed, and satiney, the only signs she gave of vitality were an occasional whisk of the tail, and the laziest of imitations of a threat to bite when the groom attacked some peculiarly tender portion of her person, or when a dreamy curiosity incited her to smell Flora, who lay wheezing in the straw hard by.

"Fine morning," said I, to the groom, who was emitting that peculiar sibilation common to stable-men, and which must be so galling to the horses at Astley's, if they partake of the sensibilities of biped actors.

"Tis-s-s-s-s—is-s-s-s-s—tis-s-s-s. *Yes, sir,* tis-s-s-s."

"Leave off hissing, my lad, and listen to me for a moment, will you? Your lady wants that dog to get well; you know what is the matter with it."

"Yes."

"Then you know it only wants less victuals, and more running about."

"Yes."

"Well, then, can you keep your mouth shut?"

"Yes" (a broad grin).

"Then, here is a half sovereign for you."

"Thankee, sir," (a broader).

"Don't you give her anything to eat to-day, and whenever you come into the stable, make her move about. I will take her for a walk now. Have you got a collar and a piece of string?"

He soon produced those articles, also a bit of soap.

"A good idea," said I; and in spite of the tears and supplications of the patient, we administered a saponaceous pill. I then took the fair Flora in my arms, and carried her tenderly through the shrubbery, till we were out of sight of the house, when I put her down, and adjusting the collar and string, invited her to take a waddle; as she declined, I gave the string a pull, but without effect; she did not mind hanging, it was exertion she objected to. So, remembering that persuasion is better than force, I drew a whip from the pocket of my shooting-jacket. Let us draw a veil over the scene. Suffice it, that when she had taken a proper amount of exercise, I took off her collar, and carried her back to the stable.

"I saw you from my window carrying Flora for a walk this morning; how kind of you!" said Lady Potts, as I entered the breakfast-room at two minutes before eight, and her eyes were more eloquent than her lips.

Punctually at the appointed minute, Colonel Potts, myself, a gamekeeper, and four dogs started off under a blazing sun for the nearest stubble field, which we traversed, I on the right, Sir George on the left, the gamekeeper in the rear, and the dogs scouring before us; but as there were no birds, we arrived at the other end guiltless of blood. Directly we entered the second field, however, which was also stubble, a dog on the right, that is, immediately in front of me, made a dead point.—Cocking both locks, I was advancing cautiously, when I heard hasty footsteps, a panting and puffing, and finally, words spoken in a loud whisper.

"Stop, stop—you stop!"

So I stopped, and the Colonel advanced in front of me. It was very trying, but Sarah must not be lost for a shot. Up got the covey; bang, bang, went Sir George, visibly a yard above them."

"Mark them, Thomas; I am sure that old one is hit hard!"

If this was the case, the "old one" took his punishment like a hero, for he certainly showed no signs of it as he skimmed away with his spouse and family.

"I always miss my first shot," growled the Colonel, as he reloaded.

The next point was on his beat fairly enough. Again the covey rose; again he blazed away with both barrels harmlessly. Two of the birds, however, who were lazy or greedy, or weak on the wing, delayed getting up with the rest, from whom they had strayed considerably to the right, and were now frightened up by the report. I am only a middling shot; but they were so young, and flew so slowly, that I knocked them both over.

"Hang you, what do you fire at my wounded birds for?" screamed Sir George, foaming with rage.

"Your wounded birds, sir?"

"Yes, sir, my wounded birds! As neat a shot as ever I made in my life—one to each barrel. You could not beat that yourself, Thomas—eh?"

"It was a fair shot, your honor."

"Do you hear that, sir? Do you hear what the gamekeeper says? You are a jealous shot, sir; and I hate a jealous shot like the blank."

"But, Sir George," I expostulated; "you mistake; I thought the rest of the covey were within range, and fired at *them*."

"Then you own those to be my birds?"

"Certainly."

"Oh, ah, hum. Pick them up, Thomas."

Thomas was very busy lacing one of his boots; when he rose, his face was crimson—from stooping, I suppose.

Next shot he had, the Colonel really did hit a bird, which put him in such good humor that he did not claim the next I bagged; and so we went on till luncheon, the birds being so plentiful, tame, and weak on the wing, that we made a pretty fair bag—the Colonel hitting about twice out of every five times, and I managing to palm some of my victims off as his.

In the afternoon, I had better sport, for the coveys being now scattered, the shots became more frequent, while the Colonel, upon whom the sun and bottled porter had taken effect, was less ardent than he had been in the morning. Indeed, at last, he declared himself "done;" and flinging himself down by the side of a spring, which bubbled up in the centre of a nice shady dell, he lit a cheroot, and bade me go on alone with the gamekeeper; when it was time to go home, we found him in the same place, fast asleep.

After dinner that evening, I discovered that Lady Potts had a weakness for table turning, and I pushed first a hat, and then a small table, round and round, with my thumbs and forefingers, in conjunction with hers and Sarah's, professing all the while intense astonishment at the rotatory motion assumed by those articles, and grew in my hostess's grace perceptibly. Next morning, I again rose early, again treated Flora to a little gentle exercise on an empty stomach, and again went out shooting with the colonel.

This time I kept close to him all day, and whenever an occasion offered, fired simultaneously, and vowed that he had hit, and I had missed, for that I had seen the bird I aimed at fly away; this I did with expressions of vexation and impatience, which nearly threw poor Thomas into an apoplexy with suppressed laughter, while the colonel positively chuckled with triumphant delight.

So we went on, the old people liking me, and I hating them, more and more every day; Sarah growing more and more beautiful and cheerful as cause for anxiety seemed to diminish; and Flora rapidly regaining health and symmetry under a course of biscuit and whip. Indeed, at the end of a week, I allowed an interview between dog and mistress; and so delighted was the lady with the recovery of her favorite, that I obtained that very evening my first earnest of ultimate success.

"I wish to speak to you before you give the orders," said Lady Potts to Sir George, when we broke up for the night; and when the order-book, with the brazen clasp, came round to my bedroom door, I read the following sentence:

"Mr. Pans will attend Miss Sarah Potts in her ride at 2.30 P. M. to-morrow."

Before pheasant-shooting began, I returned to London like a good bill, accepted. Ere the last long-tail had fallen, my banker's account rose from two figures to four, and I was the blest proprietor of the angelic being who is now taking such a preposterous time about putting on her——— I mean *my* bonnet.

I may be considered as a sort of matrimonial snipe, having got my wife by suction.

Has my moral character suffered, I wonder? I think, perhaps, it would be less unpleasant to pick a pocket or swindle a tradesman, than it might have been a year ago; but in revenge, I am less likely to be tempted to commit such acts: and if I respect myself a little less, all my acquaintances respect me a great deal more.

Why, you may do almost anything for a large fortune, just as you may commit any crime from perjury to treason and murder for a kingdom, and never lose caste. But, then, you must be successful.

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A SPORTING ADVENTURE.—An independent company of rangers were encamped on the Aguna Dulce, in 1817, and were dependent upon their rifles for subsistence, every man taking his turn at hunting. There was one man in this company, who invariably returned empty-handed; and he became so notorious for not furnishing his quota of meat, that his companions made it a standing rule to jest and jeer. After meeting with such ill success for a long time, he was persuaded to adopt the Camanche deer dress, and make one effort more. Accordingly, he donned the undressed deer-skin, the head, horns, and skin of the legs remaining attached; and when he got down on all fours, he resembled, at a distance, a real buck. Off he started, amid the shouts of his companions, for the range; which, as soon as it was reached, afforded a thousand opportunities to try his experiment. Selecting what he thought the best path through the chapparal, he was proceeding along it slowly to reach the prairie, unmindful of anything but the deer, when a panther, perched upon a branch, and thinking it was sure enough a buck, sprang upon him, and stuck his claws deep into the dry skin. The hunter rose up with a yell; the panther bounded off with equal alarm and surprise; and although nothing was spoken, the apology seemed mutual.—*Tales of the Far West.*

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☞ We must expect men to be ungrateful, but not on that account cease to do them good. —*Fenelon.*

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## A PRAYER.

BY ELIZABETH MONTIER.

The night is very dark, and loud
The tempest round me shrieks;
With my two hands outspread I grope
As a blind child for something seeks.

The fierce rain smites me on the face,
The rude winds buffet me;
And demon fears clutch at my heart
To drag me farther down from Thee.

Father, I cannot see Thy face,
Oh, Father, take my hand
And lead me through the desert up
Into some green and pleasant land.

I do not ask to see the path,
Only do Thou me lead,
I will not pray as did the blind
From this thick darkness to be freed.

But let me only feel the clasp
Of Thy tender guiding hand,
And I care not although my feet
Sink deeper in the mire and sand.

And let a whisper of Thy voice
Sink in my heart's wild sea,
And bid the seething waves "be still,"
As erst Thou didst on Galilee.

*Pittsburg, Pa*

## THE LUCKY LEG.

"What unaccountable things people do in the way of marrying!" I said to four or five of the ladies belonging to our chapel, who had met at the minister's house, to form a sort of supplementary Dorcas meeting; and, as there were so few of us, we considered it unnecessary to attend to the rule for appointing a reader, and forbidding gossip; a rule which considerably lessened the interest and popularity of our meetings.

The only single lady among us looked up upon hearing my remark, and dropping her work, as if for a long speech, began:

"What you said is very true; I do think the conduct of people at other times really sensible, during their engagements, and in their choice of husbands or wives, to be the most incomprehensible and contradictory of all human actions. If a woman has a decided prejudice, she is certain to act in direct opposition to it. Last spring I was at a wedding of one of my cousins—you remember her, Mrs. Turner, she was over here two or three autumns ago—and, being a High Churchwoman, she would not so much as put her foot inside our chapel. She is a fine majestic-looking girl, and has taken lessons in Deportment, so that it is quite imposing to see her enter a room, or sail down the street; she used to vow she would never marry a little man, a draper, or a dissenter; and now she has just married a very small abject-looking draper, who is such a rabid Methodist, that he will preach, though he has to stand on two bosses to raise his head sufficiently above the panels of the pulpit."

"Marriages are quite beyond our own management and contrivance," said Mrs. Turner, musingly; "my mother's was very romantic. In travelling from her father's house to her grandmother's, where she was going to live with the old lady, she had to stay a night in Hereford—it was in the time of coaches, you know—and her father wrote to a glover there, to meet her at the coach-office, and recommend her to an inn. He invited her to stay with his sister instead; and she was so smitten with his manners and appearance, that she said to herself, 'If ever I marry, I hope it may be to Mr. Harper.' She went on the next morning to her grandmother's, and lived with her fourteen years, never seeing or hearing anything of Mr. Harper of Hereford; and she actually refused several good offers during that time. At last her grandmother died; and Mr. Harper being connected with her family, he was invited to the funeral; and an acquaintance followed, which ended in their marriage."

"I am afraid," chimed in Mrs. Hyde, a lady who was a comparative stranger to all of us, "that if I confess the singular circumstances of my marriage, you will none of you think so well of me as I should wish you; but as we are talking of extraordinary matches, I am sure you will be amused at mine. When I was five-and-thirty, I had not had a single offer; partly, I fancy, because I had a twin sister so like me, that no one was sure which he was in love with. Well, I was one of the few women who give up the idea of being married after they have turned thirty, and I settled myself down into a comfortable old-maidism. One afternoon, I was out on some errand or other, when a tradesman, whom I had known all my life, a confirmed bachelor, over forty years of age, overtook me in the street. Before we reached the end of it, he had said, 'Miss Mary, I've had you in my eye a long time; do you think you could be happy as my wife?' and I had answered, 'Yes, I really think I should.' 'Well, then,' he added, 'let us be married without any fuss; and if you want lots of clothes and things as women do, let them come out of my pocket, instead of your poor mother's.' And we were married in three weeks, though, I assure you, I had not the remotest notion of such a thing before that afternoon."

"I will tell you the most marvellous occurrence that ever came under my observation," said our minister's wife, who is a little, merry, talkative woman. "My husband and I were, next to the parties themselves, chief actors in it; so I know all the circumstances well. It was in the town where my husband first entered upon the ministry, and where we had what is called a very united people, which often means," she said, shrewdly, "that everybody knows and deplores everybody else's failings and inconsistencies. Some years after our call there, a young lady came with her mother to establish, if they could, a millinery business. They belonged to us, and before they arrived a sister of the elder lady called upon us, to announce their intention, and to prepare us for the reception of new members. She told us quite a melancholy story of losses and misfortunes; and, among other things, that of the amputation of Miss Wigley's leg. You know my husband is not an unfeeling man: but he had had a very fatiguing Sabbath the day before, and his spirits were in that state of reaction which made him inclined to laugh at anything, and he so completely puzzled poor Mrs. James with allusions to Miss Kilmansegg and the merchant of Rotterdam, that the worthy old lady began seriously to recapitulate their pedigree, to prove there was no connection between their families, unless it were on Mr. Wigley's side. For a long time we called Mary Wigley Miss Kilmansegg, when talking to each other. She was a pretty, sweet-looking girl, and so long as she sat still she looked unusually attractive; but when she walked, and you saw her obvious limp, or heard the stump of her wooden leg, you no longer wondered that she was unmarried, for she was poor as well, and very far above her present station. She was altogether unsuited for the business they had commenced, for she had lived in a kind of elegant seclusion until her father's death; indeed he impoverished himself to surround her with recreations and luxuries, to prevent her feeling her deprivation. Excepting that she had quite an artistic appreciation of the harmonies and contrasts of colors, which enabled her to arrange the windows and showrooms with great skill, she had not a single qualification for her work. I have noticed her face flush painfully at the too openly expressed pity of their customers; and their whims and caprices in dress used to surprise and annoy her. Mrs. Wigley, however, was a thorough, clever business woman. She had been a tradesman's daughter, and the fluctuations and anxieties of business were like a game of chance to her. She soon established herself in the good graces of the ladies of our town; and, though my husband preached a very powerful sermon on dress (which I made him put off for some months, lest it should injure the strangers), it had no chance against Mrs. Wigley's taste, and the pews in our chapel looked like the gorgeous flower-bed in a summer garden.

"Mary Wigley soon became one of my dearest friends; she knew a great deal more than I did, and was very accomplished in music and painting; it really was an incongruity to think of her sitting behind a counter all her life. I remember her coming to sit with me one evening after my little Mary was born, when my husband had an appointment at a missionary meeting. I suppose we were in an unusually happy frame of mind that evening, for my husband was glad to see me up again, and he paid me some of those quiet tender attentions which we who are married, understand so well, and being few and far between, prize so highly. We made no stranger of Mary, and she sat smiling at our affectionate expressions to one another. But when he was gone, and I returned to the study after seeing the children in bed, I found her burying her face in her hands, and crying. Of course I insisted on knowing the cause, and among other things she said, I distinctly remember this:

"'If any human influence would make me great or good as a woman, it would be the guardianship of a child of my own—a woman's nature is only half developed till she is a mother.'

"What a beautiful remark, and so true," interrupted Mrs. Turner, with tears in her eyes. (She was notorious for neglecting her children.)

"'I said it was true,' resumed our minister's wife, "and I told her that all my powers of mind and body were doubled by it. 'My husband's love,' I said, 'and my children's dependence make me precious to myself.'

"'And you ask me why I cry,' she answered, 'when I feel how I could rejoice in these domestic ties, and know I shall never have them! Life is very monotonous and wearisome when one has no interest in the future!'"

"She should have had more independence and self-respect," murmured our spinster friend.

Without noticing her, the minister's wife continued:

"She looked dreamily into the fire, and with a pretty tremulous motion shook the tears from her dark eyelashes. I could not tell her I thought she would ever be married, because men marry to be helped, or to be amused, or to have some one to be proud of; and she was a cripple, with no money. Even my husband said a wooden leg would be a serious obstacle to any one falling in love.

"The morning after this conversation, Mary went with her mother to Manchester to purchase goods for the spring fashions; it was quite a painful ordeal to Mary, for she could not endure traversing warehouse after warehouse, and ascending and descending the innumerable flights of stairs, with the stump of her wooden leg upon the bare boards everywhere announcing her approach; it annoyed her to see people look round to see who was coming, and it really seemed as if she never could reconcile herself to the duties imposed upon her.

"The last day had passed, and she was walking wearily homewards, congratulating herself in having finished the business that brought them from their quit country town; she lingered for a minute to look at an engraving which had caught her artistic eye, when a gentleman, standing behind her, placed a letter in her hand, said hurriedly, 'Let me beg of you to grant my request:' and before she could recover her self-possession, was lost in the crowd, passing and repassing in the thronged street.

"Mary hastened on her way to the lodgings where she expected to find her mother; and briefly recounting her adventure, opened the letter with curiosity. It contained the following lines:

"'If the young lady who receives this note will kindly send her address in the enclosed envelope, that which may have appeared an obstacle to her settling in life, may eventually prove to be an advantage.'

"The astonishment of both Mrs. Wigley and Mary were indescribable; Mrs. Wigley poured forth a torrent of questions which Mary was unable to answer; she had not seen the stranger, and all she knew was, that he had a pleasant voice. Of course, with the becoming bashfulness and sense of propriety of a young lady, she wished the matter to be passed over in silent contempt; but to this her mother, who was a widow, would by no means consent.

"'You do not know what it may lead to,' she said; 'however, hoax or no hoax, I shall follow it up; I hate a thing dropping through, and hearing no more of it.'

"Accordingly, soon after they returned home Mrs. Wigley sent her address and her daughter's name in the directed envelope, and the next post brought a letter written to the mother. It was not long, and I remember the substance of it:

"'DEAR MADAM,—Let me apologize for my presumption in seeking to form your acquaintance and that of your daughter, whose appearance arrested my attention the first moment I saw her. If she would honor me by a correspondence, under your sanction, we should learn something of each other's character. Do not imagine me to be trifling; I desire to be a sincere friend to her; and farther acquaintance may greatly conduce to our mutual happiness. Believe me to be, with the most profound respect, dear Madam,

"'Yours, very truly,

"'FREDERICK WILLIAMS.'

"Of course, Mrs. Wigley persisted in making Mary write; and, though it was no easy matter to compose a fitting answer to such a letter, she wrote with a charming measure of good sense and reserve. Mr. Williams prosecuted the correspondence with great earnestness, and his letters manifested a well-educated and intellectual mind.

"So long as Mary was acting against her own inclination and judgment, she did not choose to mention the matter to me; but as her interest in her unknown correspondent increased, she could not conceal from me her frequent pre-occupation of mind, and in the course of a month she fully confided in me.—My husband regarded it in a very different light to what we did, and he urged Mary not to be entangled in any affair so indefinite and uncertain.

"'Let me write to Mr. Williams,' he said, 'and he will see you have a friend able and willing to protect you. I will tell him I shall advise you not to continue a correspondence so calculated to unsettle you.'

"'Do you think this stranger is trying to impose upon Mary?' I asked, when she was gone; and my husband was writing his letter.

"'I think he may have been misled by her appearance,' he answered. 'In these days there is no judging a person's position by her dress; and Mary might be a countess. It is an unaccountable affair altogether; but this letter will effect something, for I have made it very strong.'

"Mr. Williams promptly answered my husband's letter, and requested some information respecting Miss Wigley's family, position, and character. My husband replied something to this effect:

"'Miss Wigley is the daughter of a surgeon, who left her and her mother in very reduced circumstances; they have maintained themselves by a respectable millinery business. Her education was that of a lady, and her character is such as to make her the chosen and intimate friend of my wife. So strong is the interest I feel in her welfare, that I should carefully investigate the principles and circumstances of any one paying his addresses to her. You may not be aware that the limp, observable in her gait, is owing to the total loss of a limb; this circumstance has materially militated against her settlement in life.'

"The next Sunday Mary and I had scarcely taken our usual seats (she sat with me, as our pew was near the door, and she avoided attracting the notice of the congregation), when the chapel-keeper showed a stranger into our pew. He was a tall military-looking man with dark hair and moustache, which marked him of a different stamp to the usual frequenters of a chapel, for who can associate the ideas of unworldliness and moustaches! A beard is more patriarchal and even Scriptural. The stranger bowed to us, and then composed himself into an attitude of profound attention. He presented himself again at the evening service, and my husband remarked to me, as we walked home: 'I imagine he is a Polish or Hungarian refugee, and to-morrow he will call with a petition.'

But the next morning early there came a note, inviting my husband to dine with Mr. Williams at six that evening, at the principal hotel in our town. He threw the note to me with a comical mixture of consternation and fun.

"'This is really getting a serious affair,' he said, 'I will go out and see if I can meet this stranger somewhere, and take my measure of him.'

"I remained at home on thorns of curiosity and suspense till my husband returned; he was already delighted with Mr. Williams's intelligence, information, &c., and said so much about them, that I thought they had forgotten Mary.

"'By no means,' he said, 'I have invited Mr. Williams to meet her here to-morrow evening, and we must invite a few friends, who are not in the secret, to take off the awkwardness.'

"With the first dawn of morning I was up, and before Mary had left her bed-room, I was there, announcing to her and her mother the actual impending interview with their unknown correspondent. Mary's agitation was extreme, quite hysterical in fact, but Mrs. Wigley most judiciously entered into a discussion upon her dress, and I left her tolerably composed.

"It was a busy and anxious morning to us all; my husband passed it with his new friend, and, at the appointed hour, when I had engaged to be ready to receive him, and wonderful to say not before, he brought him, and introduced him to me. Nothing could surpass the suavity and easy politeness of his manner, and in a few minutes I felt as if I had known him all my life. I watched him when we heard Mary's step in the passage, and his eyes lighted up with a pleasant smile; she looked really beautiful after the first awkwardness of meeting him; her dress was the most elegant and becoming her mother's taste could advise, while her heightened color, and eyes cast down till the long lashes rested on her glowing cheeks, sufficiently betrayed her agitation. The evening passed pleasantly in social unconstrained conversation, in which the stranger took an animated part, and when we separated he asked permission to escort Mary and her mother home. I ran up stairs and watched them with intense interest till they turned the corner of the street.

"Not to lengthen my story, I will tell you at once that he soon proposed and was accepted.

"Mary and Mr. Williams were very happy for a few lovely summer days, and then it became necessary for him to return to Manchester; when this necessity was forced upon him he came to us to beg that I would aid him in persuading Mary to accompany her mother and me on a visit to his house, where, he said, we might find some alterations to propose; he had waited to obtain our sanction and acceptance of his invitation before he had named it to Mary. My husband was highly pleased with the plan, and we had little difficulty in inducing Mary to acquiesce in it.

"Mr. Williams preceded us by a few days, and then he met us at the Bank Top Station. To our astonishment our humble luggage—and how humble it did look I cannot describe—was consigned to the care of two livery servants, while he conducted us, with great empressement to an elegant carriage which was waiting in the station-yard. In silence and astonishment we were conveyed rapidly through the thronged streets to one of the pleasant suburbs about four miles from town, where we alighted at a magnificent residence surrounded with pleasure-grounds and numerous tokens of wealth. Within everything was on a fitting scale, and I who had noticed Mary's increasing paleness, as she had leaned back in the carriage silent and wondering, was not surprised to see her burst into a flood of tears when Mr. Williams welcomed her to her future home. How he soothed her and manifested lover-like concern and attention, of course I need not describe; but, at last, she grew calm enough to bear with equanimity, the sight of a charming little room fitted up expressly for herself.

"One soon accustoms one's-self to pleasant things; in a few hours the elegancies surrounding us, instead of oppressing, elevated our spirits. Mrs. Wigley and I enjoyed them thoroughly; the stately housekeeper, the obsequious servants, the conservatories, the elegant equipages belonged to us, and were part of our pomp and state; while Mary was engrossed with Mr. Williams as to be almost oblivious of her grandeur. I like to see lovers, and those two were lover-like enough to satisfy me.

"We had been three or four days in Manchester, when Mr. Williams proposed to drive us to Dunham Park; Mrs. Wigley cared little for rural pleasures, and preferred the enjoyment of the consequence about her; so Mary and I went alone with Mr. Williams. If ever mortal enjoyed perfect worldly happiness, it was Mrs. Wigley when she watched her daughter driving out in the carriage of the man she was going to marry. She re-entered the house with a full-blown delight. In great benignity of spirit she entered into conversation with the stately housekeeper, and naturally introduced Mr. Williams's name.

"'I do not know any Mr. Williams,' said the housekeeper.

"'Goodness gracious!' cried Mrs. Wigley, 'who then is the owner of these domains—of this mansion, these carriages, this grandeur? Who is the gentleman who is driving out my daughter and her friend?'

"'That is Mr. Gordon,' replied the housekeeper, 'the servants have noticed, ma'am, that you all called him by another name, and some said it was Mr. Williams, but I did not think so; his name is Frederic William Gordon, and if he is deceiving you, ma'am, I think it is only just to put you on your guard. To be sure he is the owner of this property, but there is never any good in hiding one's proper name.'

"In this Mrs. Wigley so heartily agreed, that she immediately wrote to my husband in much perplexity and tribulation; and after a long deliberation, she decided upon not disturbing us with the discovery till she received his answer.

"We had a delightful day at Dunham. I do not make a bad third, and so often found objects of interest to engage my attention, that the others really grew unconscious of my presence. We returned late in the afternoon and found Mrs. Wigley moody and taciturn. Mr. Williams and Mary sat apart and conversed in low tones throughout the evening, while I lounged luxuriously in an easy-chair, and mentally reviewed the events which had domiciled us amidst so much magnificence.

"The next morning Mr. Williams met us with a grave and pre-occupied air, and addressed Mary with a kind of tender melancholy; Mrs. Wigley was constrained and rather fretful, and we others falling into their mood, the breakfast was a dull and brief meal. Then, with the unconscious ceremony that one uses when ill at ease, Mr. Williams invited us into the library, and opening a drawer, took out numerous bunches of keys.

"'Ladies,' he said, 'you have done me the honor of visiting me with the intention—at least on my part—of having such alterations made in my house and establishment as may seem desirable to you. These keys will open every lock in the house, and you will oblige me by devoting this day to making such inspection as you please. There is no key you may not use, and no papers which you, Mary, may not read; but you will make discoveries that will surprise you, and perhaps influence you against me. I shall leave home for the day, to give you an opportunity for an investigation, but I shall most impatiently wait your decision on my return.'

"He was gone before any of us could answer, and we were left gazing at one another in profound astonishment. The atmosphere of mystery in which we had been living was thickening to a dense fog, and we were half afraid to grope to the light that was offered to us. Mary positively refused to avail herself of Mr. Williams's absence.

"'Let us do nothing,' she said, 'and leave it to him to explain himself when he comes home. It is so noble and honorable in him to act so, that I could not bear to abuse his generosity.'

"But an intense curiosity was devouring Mrs. Wigley and me, and human nature could not endure such a disappointment.

"'It is your duty to yourself, my child,' said the mother, 'to take every justifiable means for learning Mr. Williams's character and circumstances. He has put the means in your power, and it is unjust to your own common sense and to mine, not to use them.'

"'My dear Mary,' I urged, 'you certainly should reflect that little more than a month since none of us knew this gentleman; and it is evidently his wish that you should discover for yourself some secret, and spare him the pain of a verbal explanation.'

"'Do as you please,' replied Mary, weeping, 'but let me, at least, trust to his honor and affection. There can be nothing to conceal where there is such open frankness.'

"'We certainly shall do nothing against your wish,' said Mrs. Wigley, crossly, 'but I must say you are very foolish, Mary, and you quite forget you have no father to act for you in these affairs. It will be a very long, tiresome day with nothing in the world to do. You are too scrupulous, or sentimental.'

"'Oh, mother,' Mary answered, 'I know you ought to be allowed to do what your judgment dictates; so pray take the keys and use them on my account; only do not ask me to join you.'

"Mrs. Wigley and I rose with alacrity, and proceeded to get the aid of the housekeeper; how we tried keys and wearied over refractory locks; how we turned over drawers and long-unopened boxes which were filled with dresses and articles of feminine adornment; how we ransacked the china closets and plate-chest, and rummaged through the stores of linen; how we went back to the library from time to time to report progress. All the fatigues, and labor, and excitement of that morning I cannot describe to you. At luncheon refreshed and strengthened, my spirits rose to my circumstances.

"'This is quite a Blue Beard affair, Mary,' I remarked, to my languid friend. 'Mr. Williams has always had something of a suspicious and ferocious aspect. I shall not be surprised if we come upon a closet of skeletons, or bodies of deceased wives preserved in large bottles of spirits of wine.'

"'Horrible,' she interrupted; 'you forget, too, that he has left us all his keys, and not forbidden us the use of any.'

"'There is something to be concealed, however,' said her mother. 'He has paid his addresses to you under an assumed name, and that has a suspicious look.'

"'Are you sure of it, mother?' exclaimed Mary, her face coloring with excitement. 'How did you find it out?'

"Mrs. Wigley then recounted to us the discovery of the preceding day, which she had intended to keep secret till she heard from my husband; instead of the weeping and hysterics I expected, Mary displayed great energy of character.

"'Nay, then, mother,' she cried, it is time for me to open my eyes; I will work with you now.'

"So the search re commenced with ardor, it was no longer in linen-chests and china-closets. We rifled desks and cabinets, and curiously constructed drawers, of their contents, and poured bundles upon bundles of letters and papers into Mary's lap; we found banking accounts and cheque-books, and other indications of wealth; deeds and wills, and rolls of yellow parchment tied up with red tape; but still nothing to satisfy our curiosity. Our labor continued unintermitting, for the evening was drawing on, and we began to regret the wasted minutes of the morning. The mystery, like an ignis fatuus, appeared to fly before us.

"At last all seemed to have been passed under our scrutiny, and nothing was discovered. Then Mrs. Wigley and I left Mary to replace the documents strewn about the library, and proceeded once again on our explorations, with the housekeeper for a pioneer.

"In a few minutes we stood before a mysterious-looking little door in Mr. Gordon's dressing-room.

"'I have never seen that open,' said the housekeeper; 'it is two years since I was engaged by Mr. Gordon to officiate as the superintendent of his household, but no one has ever passed through that door except himself. I do not think you will find any key for it, ladies.'

"We tried every key on the bunch, but the door yielded to none. I flew down stairs to Mary.

"'We have found Blue Beard's closet,' I cried, 'and there is no key for it; come, come, we must not waste a moment.'

"Every nerve I had quivered with impatience while Mary slowly ascended the stairs How slow and sluggish all the movements were! But, in time, she stood with us before the low, narrow door, and with hands trembling from eagerness, she shook it till the handle rattled noisily, but yielded nothing to her grasp.

"'Here, then,' she said, turning and facing us with a ghastly smile, 'here is the secret we seek.'

"At this moment we heard the loud ringing of a bell, and the sound of a man's step and voice in the entrance-hall.

"'Blue Beard is come back!' I cried, with a vague feeling of apprehension, mingled with a keen sense of the absurdity of our position. I stole quietly into the gallery, and with jealous caution peered into the lobby below. There stood my husband. With an exclamation of relief, I again flew down stairs and threw my arms around him, crying, 'Oh, I am glad you are come!' His face was stern and grave, and he looked prepared for storms. I drew him into the library, and hastily explained our position. As I spoke, his eye rested upon a heap of papers on the sofa, and instantly detected a ring containing three keys. I seized them joyfully, and ran up stairs, closely followed by my husband. Mary was leaning against the locked door, in the quietness of sheer exhaustion, and large tears were falling slowly from her eyes upon the floor. With irrepressible eagerness she snatched the keys from me, and at once fitted the largest into the lock; but, before she could turn it, my husband's restraining hand was laid upon her arm.

"'Mary,' he said, 'I advise you as your friend not to open this closet, but wait and ask Mr. Gordon for an explanation of his very mysterious conduct. What there may be to affect your future happiness we can none of us conjecture, but at present it is his secret. Let it remain so.'

"'It is too late to wait now,' answered Mrs. Wigley, impatiently, 'they have roused our curiosity, and it shall be satisfied at any cost. I wish to know the worst.'

"To own the truth, I was heartily glad of the old lady's decision, though it was opposed to my husband's judgment. I, too, was consumed by an inextinguishable curiosity to fathom our enigma. Behind that door lay the mysteries that had been all day arranging themselves into numberless forms within our busy brains, and now to wait for Mr. Gordon's return, and then, perhaps, to be denied an explanation, was a moral impossibility. Mary slowly but resolutely opened the door, and we all, even my husband, looked into the unlighted closet, with an intense gaze; but there was manifested no scene of horror or mechanism for future purposes. In the darkness there was shaped out only two small mahogany boxes, something like violin-cases; here, then, lay the very core and kernel of our haunting mystery—the solving of the problem on which Mary's future life depended.

"Nothing could have stayed us now. Mary rapidly detached one of the keys for me, and we knelt down to fit them into the minute locks of the mahogany cases. We raised the lids simultaneously, and our eager, earnest eyes fell upon two wooden legs.

"I scarcely know what we felt the first few minutes. It was not relief; for, though our suspense was over, our astonishment was not lessened. We had not the dignity of being horror-stricken, nor the indignation of being hoaxed: we were passively astonished. Mary silently relocked the cases and the closet, and we adjourned quietly to the library. A spirit of deep musing had fallen upon us all. Out of the profound abyss of contemplation, suggestion after suggestion was summoned; but none could satisfy us, or explain all the circumstances of the case.

"We felt great excitement when the return of the master of the house was heard. Mary threw herself back into her chair, and my husband and Mrs. Wigley rose to meet him as he entered the room. Glancing keenly round on our attitudes of expectation, and on the littered room, he advanced and placed himself behind Mary's chair.

"'Permit me,' he said, 'to give you an intelligible explanation of my conduct before you reproach me for my secrecy. My father made a match for me when I was very young with a relative who possessed much wealth, but who had suffered an amputation. She died about two years after our marriage, and bequeathed her property to me, on condition that if I married again it should be a woman similarly afflicted. A few years after, I met with a lady possessing the necessary qualification, and gifted with so much sweetness and amiability of temper, that I loved her truly. It suited me to watch over and protect her, and we were very happy, but for a few months only. Thus it happened that, while quite a young man, I was a widower for the second time. My last wife, with a caprice at variance with her usual character, had made a similar will to my first wife's; and though I would have given up their united fortunes had I found any one whom I could love, these circumstances tended to invest a cripple with peculiar interest in my eyes, and I have made it a rule to seek the acquaintance of those I met. As my position and presumed object became known, I was made the victim of several unworthy artifices, so that I determined to make all future advances under an assumed name,—as I did to you, Mary. At first I was pleased with the notion that you loved me for myself; but when I came to know your excellencies, your cultivated intellect, your delicate sense of honor, and your modest reserve, I did not dare to confess I had deceived you, until I had called to my aid the adventitious influences of position and fortune, and by them won over your friends to my side. Yet when you were here, I had not courage to tell you personally, and I suffered you to find it out for yourself.'

"'Sir,' interrupted Mary, rising, 'I am ashamed to say that I have been guilty of contemptible curiosity this day; but I have not read your papers. Forgive me; this is the last time I shall ever doubt you.'

"'But what caused your very belligerent aspect?' said Mr. Gordon to my husband, after he and Mary had quite settled the question of forgiveness. 'I thought you and Mrs. Wigley were both going to attack me; and if you did not know I had been twice a widower, what occasioned your solemn manner of reception?'

"'The two wooden legs!' I replied.

"In four months after their first meeting, we had the grandest wedding that was ever seen in our chapel; which was registered for the celebration of marriages. Mary and Mr. Gordon left the town in great glory.

"Since then we have often visited them; and my own little Mary is now being educated with their children.

"I believe the two wooden legs still remain in the dark little closet; but there is no apparent probability of a third defunct limb at present."

"We ought to be more patient under deprivations," added our minister's wife; "for who knows all the advantages of disadvantages!"

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BURNS'S FAMOUS LYRIC.—Burns, by the advice of some critical friends, suppressed the first two stanzas of his famous lyric,

"Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled!"

They were as follows:—

"At Bannockburn the English lay—
The Scots they were na' far away,
But waited for the break o' day
That glinted in the east.

"But soon the sun broke through the heath,
And lighted up that field o' death,
When Bruce, wi' saul inspiring breath,
His heralds thus addressed:
Scots wha hae." &c.

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☞ I am satisfied that while a man is suffered to live, it is an intimation from Providence that he has some duty to discharge which it is mean and criminal to decline.—*Curran.*

# SERPENT-CHARMERS.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ANNE T. WOOD.

Dr. Williams, who arrived from India a short time ago, lately did me the honor to invite me to visit him.

Dr. Williams is an incomparable traveller; there is not a country on the globe which is not marked by his footsteps.

In point of natural history, the five divisions of our globe have been twice the object of his scientific observations. But, comprehending that man, even when he is a doctor, cannot know everything perfectly, and that the short duration of life is scarcely sufficient to learn one thing thoroughly, in his last exploration the doctor devoted himself especially to the study of serpents; a singular taste, doubtless, but, as M. de La Palisse says, there are all tastes in nature, and as a proof of this, a friend of mine studied for ten years, and with the greatest gravity, the habits of wood-lice.

I examined attentively the various curiosities brought home by the doctor, not only from his last voyage to the Indies, but also from his preceding voyages. By turns I looked at the naia of Ceylon, the boa of Africa, the black viper of Brazil, the rattlesnake of Senegal. Even the inoffensive adder of the Rhone figured in his collection.

My examination terminated, I paused a long time before a serpent stuffed with great care, whose head rested on a little red handkerchief; my station before the reptile had not for its sole object its enormous dimensions, and its brilliant dress; another idea pre-occupied me—the coquetry with which its form was arranged; some leaves, natives of India, scattered about in the glass case, and the peculiar luxury of the box, induced me to attribute to this serpent either a high value as a scientific curiosity, or some particular interest as an episode in travel.

The doctor remarked my attention, and his countenance became thoughtful.

"Does this serpent perplex you?" said he to me.

"I confess it," replied I.

"Well, I will gratify your curiosity, especially as I am just now homesick for India, and if you wish to render me a service, you may transport yourself thither with me in imagination; let us draw the curtains, close the doors, and sit down by the fire. If you had not done me the honor to visit me, I should have talked to myself about this serpent; it is much more agreeable to converse with another."

"I am listening, doctor."

Then, after having installed himself comfortably in his arm-chair, the doctor resumed, in these terms:

"The serpent which attracted your attention is a cobra of the largest class; it is nearly five feet long; you noticed that it has on its head something like the outline of a pair of spectacles; whence its name.

"This spectacled cobra is a terrible animal; when it chooses to be angry, its aspect is frightful; its body rises as if under an electric shock to a height of more than three feet, and in order to give to the leap with which it falls upon its victim a stronger impulse, it coils tightly the rest of its body. If you ever find yourself in the presence of a cobra, in its vertical position, commend yourself to God! you are a dead man!"

I seemed to see this hideous reptile, and a cold shudder ran over me.

"Yes, dead!" resumed the doctor, "unless, my dear sir, you have just at that moment a flute at your lips or a violin in your hand; for then you are not only saved, but I am convinced, the monster will from that instant become your friend; you will see it suddenly pause, and, docile to your sounds, beat time with its body either slowly or quickly.

"The cobra has more than a passion for music—it has an aptitude for it; the monster has a correct ear. Ask the first East Indian, and he will testify to the artistic taste of serpents; in fact, it is common to see them, in East Indian cities, move in perfect time with the airs which the jugglers play on their simple flutes.

"But it is rare that a traveller, and especially a doctor, has in his hand a violin, flute or flageolet; now if, by chance, he finds himself face to face with a cobra, this is truly fearful; I have had a terrible experience of it.

"Listen. One day, on the banks of the Ganges, I was contemplating a magnificent sunset; all before my eyes was grand and solemn; the sparkling waves of the river were majestically flowing between two shores covered with luxuriant vegetation, and in the horizon I saw a chain of hills whose summits were colored with the capricious hues of a fairy light. This spectacle had led me from contemplation to reverie.

"Suddenly a rustling was heard not far from me,—I listened,—I looked,—and I saw the grass of the plain undulate in a line towards me. My blood froze! At this moment a cobra, that terrible serpent of the Indies, rose up before me,—there, at a few paces' distance;—its skin was inflated, its horrible mouth open, I saw its deadly fangs. It leaped, its coils already enveloped me,—its hideous head was close to mine.

"I uttered an exclamation of terror.

"At this moment a red handkerchief was waved between the monster and myself, and a song was heard. I revived a little, and perceived, beside me, a little girl whom I had often seen playing in the vicinity of my dwelling.

"The little Indian still waved her handkerchief, and the song continued. Terrified as I was, I noticed that the movement of the red handkerchief seemed to mark the measure of the song; very soon it was modulated more tenderly, the hand of the Indian girl almost touched the monster; what say I? her hand caressed its body in measured movements.

"Very soon I felt the cobra relax its coils around me, it released me from its embrace, fell at my feet, and coiled itself at the feet of the child. The Indian girl knelt in her turn, and a fearful scene of fascination then took place.

"The charm has seized the monster, he threatens no longer, he supplicates—he is happy. Like a conqueror who no longer seeks victory but subjugation, the Indian employed a last method: to the caresses of gestures, to the affectionate intonations of songs she added the seduction of her large, soft eyes, fringed with long black lashes; her glance was fastened on that of the cobra, and the latter soon turned its head as if it could not endure their brilliancy—the enemy asked pardon!

"All danger having disappeared, my presence of mind returned, I seized the excellent revolver which I had in my pocket, and which I had not thought of in the first moment of terror.

"I armed myself, aimed, and extended the cobra dead. You can convince yourself how, by looking at the place just above the spectacles where the ball struck."

"Your pistol-shot has restored my breath," said I to the doctor, "for I confess that I was not quite easy. You will permit me to make a reflection; how do you explain this magnetic power of a little girl over a hideous monster? I have heard of charmers, but I always believed them impostors, that is to say, that the fangs of the serpent, its strength, its energy had been taken from it by some method, and there remained in the presence of the charmer, only an inert animal convinced of its powerlessness."

"You talk like a skeptic, but not like a naturalist who has lived ten years in India. You give a scientific explanation of the power of the charmers, which is, in fact, to me, impossible. I have only ascertained this power, and that is sufficient for me. How many facts are there for which we cannot account, and which are not the less real! Besides, the charmers are impenetrable when interrogated on this point.

"If we may believe popular tradition, the power of charmers dates from the most remote antiquity, and is essentially hereditary. No example is given of any one initiated out of the families which possess the exclusive monopoly of this power.

"Let me relate to you a fact of which one of my brethren was an eye-witness.

"An English officer perceived, one morning, concealed beneath some reeds, a cobra di capello, which, coiled around itself, attested by indolent contours, an epicurean digestion; the officer knew perfectly well, that when serpents digest, they are like an honest man who is dining, they owe it to themselves not to be disturbed; the serpent suffered itself to be looked at, and did not depart from its majestical immobility. Which seeing, and as this officer had among the number of his acquaintances, a skillful charmer, he sent in search of him.

"The charmer soon arrived. He approached the cobra without hesitation, and immediately chanted a monotonous song, of which I cannot give you an idea, for the Oriental nations have a peculiar monotone, which would appear to you more than insipid, spoiled, as you are, by the skill of your *maestros* of the opera, even when, through caprice, they allow themselves to be monotonous.

"At the first intonations of the charmer, the cobra awoke, and by degrees, idly extended its rings, and displayed in the sunlight the splendid hues of its body.

"The serpent at last emerged from its lethargy; it rose proudly and menacingly, and began to hiss with signs of the greatest fury. The charmer remained impassible. He continued to sing, and his glance was concentrated on that of the reptile. There was reason for uneasiness, since the conflict was between man, that king of creation who has only intelligence, and the brute which had strength.

"The king of creation triumphed. The serpent submitted to the influence of the charm; from furious, he became gentle; offensive at first, he resigned himself to submission, and his motions soon regulated themselves by the movements of the Indian; the cobra had instinctively comprehended the discipline.

"This scene was prolonged twenty minutes more, to the great confusion of the serpent, for its submission became servility, the charmer insulting it, in spite of all the rules of good taste, by spitting in the red of its eyes. And there was no room for deception, for the Indian had nothing in his hands, and could have nothing in his pockets, since his only garment was a girdle of red cotton.

"What can I say, finally, to convince you of the omnipotence of charmers over serpents? I have read somewhere, or heard it related by some one, that a courageous Hindoo was not afraid to sleep with a *cerastes* in his night-cap."

At this name of *cerastes*, I allowed myself to interrupt the doctor.

"And first," said I, "what is a *cerastes*?"

"My dear sir," replied the doctor, "it is a little serpent, at most from twelve to fifteen inches long, and over whose eyes may be noticed a sort of horn. Its skin is parti-colored, displaying a multitude of hues and shades so nicely blended, that the author of the *Theory of Colors*, the learned M. Chevrel, could hardly say enough about it. The *cerastes* is the harlequin of serpents—a harlequin in dress, and not in humor, for it is the most irascible, and most tenacious of all the reptiles of its species."

"Very well, doctor, I entreat you to continue; we were at the night-cap."

"I continue. This night-cap was not, as you may suppose, one of those vulgar caps with which the citizens of our climates have adorned themselves from time immemorial. It will be understood that a little serpent might sleep at its ease, and without being disturbed in one of these.

"But the cap of the Hindoo was different; it was not white, it was scarlet, and instead of being a long cone, like that of the citizens before-mentioned, its form was spherical, that is to say the frontal, occipital and parietal bones were buried in its folds. Imagine to yourself, then, a *cerastes* forming a turban around your night-cap. Only charmers could endure such a juxtaposition.

"You have just heard what was related to me by a countryman. Here is what I witnessed myself:

"On a certain evening near Calcutta, a charmer, with the sole object of demonstrating to me his power, caused a cock to be bitten by a *cerastes*. Two minutes, and the cock was dead.

"'What venom!' exclaimed I in astonishment.

"The charmer looked at me with a smile of pity, and taking the serpent by the neck, ate it forthwith; the tail disappeared first, afterwards the head, the body became the dessert, and, believe me, my friend, the *cerastes* do thus swallowed whole, afforded my charmer the successive joys of the most fastidious epicure. The tail was little relished, the head not much so; but as for the body it was eaten with satisfaction; it appears that this is the choice part of the *cerastes*."

The doctor interrupted himself for a moment to light his chibouque and offer me a cigar.

"I believe I have proved," said he, "the power of the charmers; I should now confess to you, but without my guarantee, that certain castes in India pretend that the charmers acquire their gift, not by hereditary right, but only because, in childhood, they wash their hands in an infusion of plants known to them.

"I have sufficiently dwelt, I believe, on the question of facts, that in regard to charmers, I could not, without heresy, speak in their favor on the question of right. Only permit me to say a few words on the ideas of the ancients respecting them. Jeremiah has written positively, and he spoke in the name of the Lord:

"'I will send serpents among you which will not be charmed, and they shall bite you.'

"Now, in the time of the great prophet, serpents not charmed had the honor of being treated as agents of the celestial anger; what a subject of pride for the charmers! Consequently this occult science of charming, dates from the most venerable antiquity, and that unequalled elegiac poet, Jeremiah, did not judge it unworthy of mention in his immortal Lamentations.

"And since we have referred to the Bible, permit me to open mine at Chapter vii. of Exodus. This is what I find here:

"'The Lord spake unto Moses and unto Aaron, saying,

"'When Pharaoh shall speak unto you, saying, Shew a miracle for you; then thou shalt say unto Aaron. Take thy rod, and cast it before Pharaoh, and it shall become a serpent.

"'And Moses and Aaron went in unto Pharaoh, and they did so as the Lord had commanded; and Aaron cast down his rod before Pharaoh, and before his servants, and it became a serpent.

"'Then Pharaoh also called the wise men and the sorcerers: now the magicians of Egypt, they also did in like manner with their enchantments.

"'For they cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents; but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods.'

"Now is not this passage of the Holy Scriptures a new testimony to the importance of charmers? And, in fact, no traveller is ignorant that the cobra of Egypt becomes, beneath the charm of the charmers, at first immovable and afterwards stiff. In order to give this serpent the appearance of a rod, it is sufficient to press its neck strongly, and this pressure throws it into a sort of catalepsy which metamorphoses it temporarily into a stick.

"Thence it results incontestably that the opposing Egyptians were charmers.

"If I were less charitable I might quote, besides, Virgil, Herodotus, Ovid, and many other writers who speak of charmers, if not with respect with deference.

"You know what Pliny says of the *psylles* of Africa?"

At this direct interrogation of the doctor's I replied by a gesture in the negative.

"Since you are ignorant, I will inform you. Pliny pretends, but I am not of his opinion, that the charmers, or to use his expression, the *psylles* or enchanters, exhale naturally, from every pore, emanations which render the serpent cataleptic.

"Aristotle, in this turn, affirms that the saliva of man is injurious to serpents. In fine, it is related that Babylonius, the Chaldean, charmed an *aspic*, by a few sacred words.

"In my opinion, and I have just told you so, Pliny is wrong; I have repeatedly smelt of the charmers, and affirm to you that they are completely inodorous. Aristotle in his turn, is not right; there is no means that I know of, to inoculate the saliva in the mouth of a serpent. As for Babylonius, it is superfluous to refute his method; the sacred words, much respected by you and I, are null and void to cobras and other varieties of the species. It is certain that the cobras are in the wrong, but we cannot hope to convert them."

"What is then your personal opinion, dear doctor, of the power of the charmers?"

"I have none, my friend; here is only the expression of an opinion which I think, if not true, at least acceptable. I suppose in the looks of the charmers by birth, a gift of fascination, a power of immediate magnetism.—This first effect produced, the magnetizer doubles, triples, quintuples the charming fluid, and under its influence, the poor serpent becomes at last really chloroformed."

And, after a silence of a few seconds:

"*Dixi*," added the doctor, in form of conclusion.

"Thank you for your explanations," replied I; "but you have not told me what became of the Indian girl, after your shot with the revolver."

The doctor became sad.

"Her end was very tragical, and, unfortunately, I was the cause. You must know, my friend, that certain serpents, the cobras among others, are regarded among the Hindoos as beings almost divine. They consider them as of a nature superior to ours. Their country, say they, is in a world near the throne of the Most High, and they come into this lower world of mortals only as travellers, despising our weaknesses and misery.

"The country of the cobras, so the charmer told me, is called *Naga-Rhawena*, and is not less than ten thousand leagues in circumference. There are neither mountains, rivers, lakes, nor vegetation. But there also is found the *parasatto*, and of this unparalleled tree, only a cobra could give you an idea. Always covered with the most splendid flowers, and laden with the finest fruits, it produces, besides, instantaneously, all that the serpents of the *Naga Rhawena* ask of it.

"In the shade of the *parasattos*, glide, crawl, or lazily lie the innumerable inhabitants of this enchanted world. It is the paradise of serpents, and a paradise well merited; for, if we may believe the theogony of the charmers, cobras, and other varieties of the species, which people it eternally, were originally simple mortals like ourselves, but mortals infinitely more virtuous; only as their virtue is still imperfect, Bouddha has inflicted on them the rampant form of the serpent, assigning to them, by way of compensation, the splendid abode of the *Naga Rhawena*.

"So, in their fear and respect for Bouddha, the serpents of this abode behave their very best. They live in harmony, not devouring each other; they have a government which they respect, and a worship which they never profane. They shame our infirm human species.

"Such was the account of my little charmer, when I attempted to console her for the death of the divine serpent. But, to speak like Chateaubriand, she put in her words what I cannot put in mine, *the flowers of the desert and the grace of the cottage*.

"You will comprehend that, with such a belief, the Hindoos cannot pardon him who kills one of their divine monsters.

"So, seeing the cobra extended at her feet, and no longer giving signs of life, the charmer began to utter great cries of despair; her despair soon became terror, when she heard, at a few paces distance, a sepoy apostrophizing her in threatening terms.

"The sepoy rapidly advanced towards her, and, swift as lightning, buried a Cingalese knife in her breast.

"'Thou hast charmed it in order that the *Feringhi*' (a name which the Hindoos give to the English) 'might kill it; die in thy turn,' said the sepoy, with a gloomy air; and without casting a second glance on his victim, he knelt beside the cobra, pronouncing a prayer, and looking at me with terrible eyes.

"I received the charmer in my arms.

"'I well knew,' said she, 'that misfortune would happen to me. My lord Feringhi,' she said, 'give me the sacred sepulture of the Ganges, and pray Bouddha to pardon the charmer. 'As for him,' and she pointed to the cobra with a trembling hand, 'he is already in the abode of the blessed, under a parasatto of the *Naga-Rhawena*. In remembrance of me, respect his mortal remains.'

"I had but a corpse in my arms. I deposited it carefully on a tuft of grass.

"The sepoy, at this moment, ceased to pray, and, all at once, with his Cingalese knife in his hand, bounded upon me. I expected him—I had seized my revolver; I fired at his head; death was instantaneous.

"You will understand my position, and in what a torpor of mind I must have been after such a scene; three corpses were before my eyes; I had seen a murder committed, and was in my turn a murderer.

"Night was advancing, and I was compelled to come to some decision. Faithful to the request of the unfortunate charmer, I lowered her body into the Ganges, after having shed a tear of regret on her brow, and picked up her little red handkerchief, to retain it as a memorial.

"As for the cobra, I stripped off my coat and rolled it up in it. The darkness was then complete. With this singular burden I resumed the path to my dwelling."

"And the sepoy," asked I, of the doctor, "what did you do with him?"

"I commended his soul to God, but I did not think of his body."

"You must retain a profound remembrance of this incident, dear doctor?"

"It is not a remembrance alone, it is a sentiment which attaches me to it. My heart has never known repose since the moment when the velvety eyes of the charmer closed beneath my fingers."

"So that the terrible cobra—" said I, pointing to the reptile sleeping on its red handkerchief—

"Is for me a relic," replied the doctor, in a melancholy tone. "The charmer, with her last look, charmed me."

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WASHINGTON.—It has been observed that Washington seldom smiled and never laughed. This, however, is not correct. One instance is mentioned by a gentleman, well-known for his veracity, with a great degree of *sang froid*. At the time the troops were encamped at Cambridge, information was received at head quarters that the English were about to leave Boston, to give them battle. All was bustle and confusion. The soldiers were strolling over the town, and the officers were but ill-prepared for the approaching rencontre.—Some of the Generals were calling for their horses, and others for their arms; and, among the rest, was General Greene, at the bottom of the stairs, bawling to the barber for his wig. "Bring my wig, you rascal! bring my wig." General Lee diverted himself and the company at the expense of Greene. "Your wig is behind the looking-glass, sir." At which Greene, raising his eyes, perceived by the mirror that the wig was where it should be—on his head. Washington, in a fit of laughter, threw himself on the sofa, and the whole group presented rather a ludicrous spectacle.

On one occasion, when he lived in Market street, just below Sixth, he stood at his front window, while a body of troops passed down the street in review. A few yards below, a building was in course of erection, and, as usual, there was a large bed of slacked lime in the street, which caused a horse to shy, throwing his proud rider fairly and squarely into the whitest and softest bed he had ever occupied. The sight of this white soldier, so suddenly and ludicrously transformed, filled Washington and his wife with laughter, and they gave way to it till tears came to their rescue. This anecdote is well authenticated.—*City Item.*

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☞ The happiest climate does not produce all things; and it was so ordered that one part of the earth should want the product of another, for uniting mankind in a general correspondence and good understanding.

☞ Profound silence in a public assemblage, has been thus neatly described: "One might have heard the stealing of a pocket-handkerchief!"

☞ Taking them one with another, said the Rev. Sidney Smith, I believe my congregation to be the most exemplary observers of the religious ordinances; for the poor keep all the fasts, and the rich all the feasts.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

THE PEACE CONGRESS TO BE HELD—ADVANCE IN COTTON, &c.

The Canada brings advices to the 28th ult.

Austria has consented to the proposed Congress of the Great Powers, on Italian affairs, under certain conditions.

It is stated that the Sardinian Cabinet has addressed a communication to the five Great Powers, strongly insisting on being admitted to the Peace Congress, in consequence of which France has consented to Piedmont and the other Italian States being also admitted.

The debate on the Reform Bill was continued in the House of Commons. Mr. Owen Stanley gave notice that in the event of the defeat of the Reform Bill, on second reading, he would move a resolution declaring a want of confidence in the Government.

The debate on the Reform Bill was resumed. Mr. Caldwell and Lord Palmerston spoke in favor of Lord John Russell's resolutions. The latter entirely repudiated all factious motives, and declared Lord John Russell's resolution must not be regarded as a vote of censure.

The belief is general that the Ministers will be defeated. The London Times thinks that the defeat will be so decided as to leave no excuse for a dissolution of Parliament and an appeal to the country.

The Liberal journals declare that Lord Palmerston's speech has saved the Ministry, as he proclaimed that he should vote for the second reading of the Government Reform Bill, as well as for Lord John Russell's resolution, merely regarding the latter as instructions for the amendment of the bill in committee.

The Daily News says, as a party move, the interest in the debate is at an end.

The Star says that Lord Palmerston has cheated the country out of a liberal reform measure, and completely turned the tables on Lord John Russell.

The London Times, in editorially reviewing the late session of Congress, again attempts to show that England has nothing to gain by Americanizing her legislative system.

The *Puitre* this evening states that the Cabinets of London and St. Petersburg have agreed to the proposal of France to admit Piedmont, and there is hope that the Cabinet of Berlin may also consent—in which event Austria cannot refuse to grant the wish of the great Powers.

According to the New Gazette, of Russia, the Emperor Napoleon has, on several occasions, lately recommended Count Cavour not to excite to war, assuring him that in no case would France go beyond the limits of her engagement.

SPAIN.—In the Chamber of Deputies, a call having been made for the production of the papers relative to the negotiations between the United States and France and England for the acquisition of Cuba, the Minister of Foreign Affairs said that the best reply to the representations of certain orators of the United States, was the prosperity of Cuba: that the question of the acquisition of the Island was impending and menacing, could not be denied. Nevertheless, the Government declared that it felt all security, which its great national resources were calculated to inspire.

It had not, however, rendered insult for insult, as that would probably have aggravated the question. It had conducted itself with prudence and dignity, and had not applied for assistance to any other power. If any other foreign power had offered assistance the Government would have felt grateful, but it would not have accepted it, because it did not think any aid was necessary. As no diplomatic documents existed on the question which happily was almost terminated, the Government hoped M. Badia would be satisfied with the explanations given and withdrew the motion.

Mr. Dodge, American Ex-Minister, had left for Valencia and Barcelona, and intended to visit Italy. One journal states that, at his earnest request, the Queen presented him with portraits of herself and the King.

ITALY.—At a conclave of Cardinals, the Pope referred to the evacuation of his State by foreign troops, and denied that he had said he felt sufficiently strong to dispense with the extraneous assistance, as a secular and warlike prince might have done. His holiness repeated that it was only to avert a conflict which might lead to a general conflagration that induced him to demand the withdrawal of the foreign garrison.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, March 25.—The circulars report the sales of the week at 71,000 bales. All qualities have advanced ¼d, owing to the more peaceful aspect of political affairs. The market closed active.

STATE OF TRADE.—The Manchester advices continue favorable, and goods generally close at an advancing tendency.

Breadstuffs, flour, wheat and corn dull; pork dull; beef firm.

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A NEW LOCAL ANÆSTHETIC.—M. A. Claisse, of St. Valérien (says the "Gazette Medicale") has been in the habit of using a local anæsthetic, which allows him to draw teeth, open abscesses, and perform other minor operations without the patient's feeling the slightest pain; it is as follows: Fill a small flask one-third full of powdered camphor, and fill it up with sulphuric ether. With a sponge dipped in this solution, the gum or the part where the bistoury is to be used, is gently rubbed for about one minute previous to the operation.—*Pharmaceutical Journal.*

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☞ If you should go and stand in Florence, and see the peasant walking amid a gallery of beautiful sculpture, or wandering through the gardens of princes, surrounded with every exotic and every form of beauty in marble and bronze, you would see the reason why the Italian drinks in the love of the beautiful, until it has become a part of him without his thinking of it. So I think that the very sight of yonder public library, even to the man who does not enter its alcoves, contributes to the growth, expansion and elevation of his mind. —*Phillips.*

☞ A great, a good, and a right mind is a kind of divinity lodged in flesh, and may be the blessing of a slave as well as of a prince; it came from Heaven, and to Heaven it must return; and it is a kind of heavenly felicity, which a pure and virtuous mind enjoys in some degree even upon earth.—*Seneca.*

☞ A good action is never thrown away.—This is the reason, probably, why we find so few of them lying around loose.

☞ Resolutions taken without thought, bring disasters without remedy.—*Basil.*

☞ Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it.—*Washington Irving.*

☞ An old Dutch proverb says, "Stealing never makes a man rich." The simple old Dutchman who got up that proverb, knew little of the exploits of office-holders in the United States.

☞ Miss Bronte records the amiable feat of a country squire who, not esteeming his neighbor according to the rule laid down in the Catechism, built a house purposely to deprive that neighbor of the enjoyment of a superb view, and then significantly named the edifice "Spite Hall."

☞ The empire of woman is an empire of softness, of address, of complacency—her commands are caresses, her menaces are tears.—*Rousseau.*

A CHILD FUNERAL.—There was a strange instance of child desertion, death and burial at Detroit last week. The dead body was found in one of the streets of that city. The child was apparently but a few hours old, and was wrapped in swaddling clothes, without any other covering. Some vagabond children who were playing near the spot, which was on a vacant lot, first discovered it. These, following out the bent of juvenile instinct, appropriated the little corpse, and without saying a word to anybody, made preparations for a grand funeral, being highly delighted at having a real body to bury. The attention of passers-by was attracted by their movements, and they were discovered gathered around a cigar box, in which they had placed the child, in the act of saying prayers, with closed hands and solemn countenances. A detachment with shingles was waiting with eagerness to dig the grave, and all were thrown into a high state of indignation at having their funeral disturbed.

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FATAL MISTAKE.—The Vincennes (Indiana) Gazette says:—"Mrs. Riley, of Martin County, who had resided with the family of Hon. W. E. Niblack, while he was at Washington the past winter, but had returned home within a few days, died on Friday of last week under peculiar circumstances. Feeling unwell, she concluded to take a Seidlitz powder, and mixed the two ingredients in different glasses, as usual, but instead of pouring them together before drinking, she drank one and then the other. The effervescence following in her stomach nearly strangled her. A dose of mustard was given to vomit her, and a doctor sent for at once, but she was dead before he arrived. She was in delicate health, having had several attacks of lung bleeding during the past year.

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☞ "La, ma, 'ere's a heagle." Mamma (reproachfully)—"A heagle! Oh, you hignorant gal! Vy, it's a howl!" Keeper of the menagerie (respectfully)—"Axes parding, mum; 'tis an 'awk!'"

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WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

## PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The sales comprise 6000 bbls at $5,25 ₱ bbl for superfine; $5,25@5,62½ for common and good extras, and $6,75 for extra family, including 1500 bbls "Diamond Mills," and 1500 bbls Western extra on private terms. The sales to the retailers and bakers have been within this range for extra and extra family, and $6,81½@7,50 for fancy lots. The demand for Rye Flour has been limited, but prices are unchanged, as the receipts and stocks continue light. Sales of 600 bbls at $4,26. Of Corn Meal the market is nearly bare, and it is in demand. Sales of 1000 bbls chiefly at $3,87½ ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The inquiry for Wheat has somewhat increased, but as the receipts have been more liberal, prices have declined 3c ₱ bus. Sales of 14,000 bus at $1,50@1,58 for prime red, and $1,60@1,75 for white. At the close $1,55@1,70 were the highest rates for good white. Rye meets a limited inquiry; sales of 1500 bus mostly at 87½@88c for Penna, afloat and in store. Corn has been in limited demand at the late decline; sales of 16,000 bus at 85@87c for Southern yellow, afloat; 5000 bus choice Virginia white, on private terms, and some damaged yellow at 75@82c. The receipts of Oats continue small, but the demand is limited, and prices are weak; sales of 8000 bus Delaware at 54c, and Penna at 54@55c. Barley and Barley Malt are dull; sales of 3000 bus of the latter at $1@1,10 ₱ bus, on time.

PROVISIONS—The receipts of all descriptions have been light, but the market has been exceedingly dull, there being very little demand for any kind. Sales of Mess Pork at $18,50@18,75, short time, and small lots of Prime at $13@13,25. Mess Beef sells slowly for ship stores at $15,50. Bacon—There was rather more from the South at the close. Sales of Hams at 11@12½c; Sides at 10@10½c, and Shoulders at 8c, cash and 60 days. Green Meats are held with less firmness, but the receipts and stocks are small. Sales of 400 casks Hams in pickle at 10½@10½c; do in salt at 9½@9½c; Sides at 9@9½c; and Shoulders at 6½@7c. Lard comes forward sowly, and the stock is small, but there is not much demand for it. Sales of bbls and tcs at 12c, and kegs at 13@13½c, 60 days. Butter—Roll meets a fair inquiry, but Solid packed is extremely dull. Sales of the former at 16@23c, and 30,000 lbs of the latter at 10@11c ₱ lb. Eggs have advanced to 13½@14c ₱ doz. Cheese is unchanged.

COTTON—Owing to the favorable accounts from Europe, there has been a firmer feeling, with more disposition on the part of purchasers to operate. Sales of 900 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 11½@13½c ₱ lb, cash, short time, for low grade and middling fair quality Upland, and 12@14½c for Gulf.

BARK is more inquired after, but at a decline of $2 upon the rates which prevailed last week. Sales of 130 hhds No 1 Quercitron, part at $33 ₱ ton, and part on private terms, including a lot of second quality No 2 at $30. In Tanner's Bark nothing doing. We quote Chestnut at $11@12 ₱ cord, and Spanish at $13@15.

COAL—The depression which has characterized the trade for some time past continues unabated, and but few cargoes are going from either Richmond or Bristol. The receipts are light, and there is no change to notice in prices.

COFFEE—There has been a good demand and prices are firm. The sales comprise 6000 bags Rio, chiefly from the invoice per Grey Eagle, at 11½@12½c; 200 bags Laguayra at 11½@12c; 300 bags St. Domingo at 10@10½c; and some Java at 15c ₱ lb, on time.

FEATHERS are dull and lower: 2000 lbs prime Western sold at 4c, on time.

FRUIT—Sales of Dried Apples, in lots, at 8½@9½c. Peaches range from 9 to 12c ₱ lb for unpared quarters and halves, and 14@16c for pared. Cranberries are worth $14@18.

HEMP is quiet, without change in prices.

HIDES are held firmly, but without transactions.

HOPS meet a very limited inquiry. Sales of new Eastern and Western at 12@18c. Old crop range from 4 to 7c.

IRON—Sales of 800 tons Anthracite at $24, 23, and 22 ₱ ton, 6 mos, for the three numbers. A contract for 500 tons, it is reported, was made in the interior, to be delivered on the furnace banks at a price kept secret. A sale of 100 tons Nos 2 and 3 Howard Charcoal Pig was made last week at $36, 6 mos. Scotch Pig is held at $28, with very limited sales. Sales of Charcoal Blooms at $65@67,50, 6 mos. In Bar and Boiler Iron no change to notice.

LEAD—There is more offering, and the article is dull without sales. A small sale of Spanish at 6½c, cash.

LEATHER—The demand continues unabated and prices are firm, but the market is nearly bare of prime descriptions.

LUMBER—The receipts as well as demand have increased, and there is a good feeling in the market. Sales of Southern Yellow Pine at $16@17 ₱ M feet; Susquehanna White Pine at $16@17; Shipping Boards at $15@15,50; Hemlock at $7,25@9, and Spruce Flooring at $13@13,50 ₱ M feet.

MOLASSES is in better request, but without change in prices. Among the sales we notice a cargo of Trinidad at 27½c; one of Cardenas at 25c, and one of Matanzas on private terms, and 500 bbls New Orleans at 38@41c, on time.

SEEDS—The receipts of Clover seed have fallen off, but the demand for it is limited. Sales of 500 bus at $5@5,50 ₱ 64 lbs, and some from second hands at $5,75. The season for Timothy is about over. It is worth $2,25@2,50 ₱ bus. Flaxseed is wanted at $1,72@1,75. About 1200 bags Calcutta Linseed sold on private terms.

SUGAR—The market has been very quiet, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 200 hhds Cuba at 7c, and 150 hhds New Orleans at 7@7½c ₱ lb, on time.

SPIRITS—There has been very little inquiry for either Brandy or Gin, and prices are unchanged. N E Rum is selling at 36@37c. Whiskey is dull and lower: sales of Penna bbls at 26@26½c; Ohio do at 27c; hhds at 25c, and drudge at 24c.

TALLOW is in fair demand at 10½c ₱ lb for City Rendered, and 10@10½c for Country. 32,000 lbs sold at our highest figure.

WOOL—The market has been entirely quiet, and prices if anything have rather favored buyers. But there has been very little inquiry. The sales foot up 80,000 lbs including fine at 61@62c; fall blood at 55c; and common and quarter blood 45c ₱ lb, cash.

## NEWS ITEMS.

The Paraguay war is ended—Paraguay agreeing to pay ten thousand dollars for the man killed when the Water Witch was fired upon, and twenty-five thousand to the American company of which Mr. Hopkins was agent.

In relation to the Nicaraguan difficulty, the dispatches sent to Gen. Lamar are, it is represented, of the most positive character. They instruct him to demand from Nicaragua an apology, restitution and indemnity, on the failure to comply with which, he is to ask for his passports. The Home squadron, it is said, will be strengthened, and the vessels placed at the disposal of Gen. Lamar, to use them for the defence of American citizens, their property, and their vested rights.

The New York Times understands that Gen. Geo. P. Morris declines the consulship at Havre, which was tendered to him by the President. The inadequacy of the salary, and the arduous and confining nature of the duties of the office, which are not at all congenial to the habits and tastes of a literary gentleman, have decided him to this course.

The Baltimore Grand Jury, in a formal presentation, have expressed the opinion that the murders and other acts of violence so frequently perpetrated in that vicinity, may be attributed to the quality as well as the quantity of liquor drank by the offenders.

A prevalent disease has recently broken out among children in the village of Ellenville, N. Y., which seems to combine the characteristics of croup and whooping cough, attended in many instances in convulsions.

In the case of an alleged fugitive from slavery, recently arrested at Harrisburg, and brought to this city, after a protracted hearing, the Commissioner decided that the proof of identity was not sufficient, and he was released. Considerable excitement prevailed during the trial.

Cuba Invasion.—The French Courrier des Etats Unis repeats its former assertion, that a new expedition for the conquest of Cuba is now on foot. It also asserts that part of the expedition has also sailed, and that within a few days the whole affair will be made public. The plan, as sketched by the Courrier, is to land on some remote point on the Cuba coast, where they are to maintain themselves until a general rising in the island shall summon them to march upon Havana.

Poisonous Flowers.—Three children have recently been poisoned in Georgia by eating the flowers of the yellow jessamine.

The Cincinnati Enquirer denies that the Rev. Mr. Lewis, of La Grange, Tenn., is the author of "The Harp of a Thousand Strings," and "The Spirits of Just Men Made Perfect," but that the credit thereof belongs to Mr. Wm. P. Brannan, of The Louisville Journal.

A Wise Investment.—The people of Wisconsin during the past ten years, have expended for the education of their youth, half a million of dollars more than the entire cost of sustaining the State government. This is a fact so honorable to them that it should be made of lasting record.

It is reported that Sir E. B. Lytton, is to be the next Governor of Canada, and, possibly, Governor-in-Chief of the proposed North American Confederacy.

Awful Condition of Affairs.—The Springfield Republican says that even in Massachusetts, where the laws are supposed to be as clear and consistent as in any State, in the attempt to enlarge the legal domain of woman, the statutes are so fixed that the wife is under no legal obligation to get breakfast, sew on a shirt button, or nurse the baby even, unless the husband pays her for it.

The Mrs. Brannan Case.—A box was found at the office of the Hudson River Railroad, at Albany, where it remained uncalled for for about eight months, which, on examination, was found to contain the mangled and decayed remains of a woman. The Argus says that there is some reason to suppose them to be those of the unfortunate Mrs. Brannan, of Staten Island, who disappeared so mysteriously last summer. The box was shipped from New York, as extra baggage, and directed to H. Rippe, Franklin, Ind. As soon as the facts were known, Ex Chief of Police Matsell, despatched an officer to Albany to make a full investigation of the circumstances, and that person returned to this city this morning. Mr. Matsell says:

"From the report he made to us on his return to this city, it appears that the entire head of the female has been stripped of hair, skin and flesh, bearing no marks by which she could be identified, except two front teeth. The hands and the toes of the feet remain entire, but as he was unable to identify the body by them, we have telegraphed to Mrs. Brannan's brother, Dr. Crane, who is at present in Philadelphia, to return immediately to see if he can identify it. The size of the skeleton answers exactly to that of Mrs. Brannan, but a circumstance exists which tends to preclude the idea that it is the remains of that lady."

Another authority states that the body has been subjected to the injection of a fluid to preserve it from decay, the left arm had been cut off with a saw, and the entire scalp had been skillfully removed, leaving no doubt that the remains were those of a "subject" from the medical college.

Dr. Crane, the brother of Mrs. Brannan, who visited Albany, says:—"I examined the remains found in the box; there is nothing that corresponds in any way or particular to Mrs. Brannan; and I am perfectly satisfied in my own mind that they are not her remains. I am convinced that they were sent from some medical college or individual, as 'dried preparations.'"

A New University.—The following paragraph from the Boston Atlas is now obtaining wide circulation:

We are gratified to learn that some steps have at length been taken to found a university in this country, and from the character of the parties interested in the enterprise, are led to believe that success will crown their efforts. A meeting was held one evening last week, at the house of a gentleman in this city. About twenty gentlemen were present from various parts of the country, embracing some of the most refined and cultivated intellects of our own State, as well as representatives from Louisiana, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York, and Maine. Some wealthy individuals, to whom the subject has been mentioned, have pledged themselves to contribute $500,000 as the nucleus of a fund for the endowment of the institution. A committee was appointed to wait upon other men of wealth as soon as their plans have been matured, and one gentleman, prominent in intellectual circles, is to proceed to Europe shortly for the purpose of visiting the most noted Universities of England, Germany and Prussia, previous to arranging the details of a system upon which the proposed University is to be conducted. It is contemplated to carry out the undertaking upon the most comprehensive scale, and to present to the students of our country an opportunity for securing a more thorough acquaintance with every department of science, arts and literature, than can be obtained even at Cambridge or Oxford.

A Judge Quotes from the Scriptures.—In his recent charge to the Grand Jury in the Stephens murder case, Judge Roosevelt with remarkable candor said: "We have the highest authority for saying, 'all that a man hath will he give for his life.'"

Now, by reference to the 2d chapter and 4th verse of the book of Job, we find the "high authority" referred to by the judge: "And *Satan* answered the Lord and said, skin for skin, yea, *all that a man hath will he give for his life.*" It does not at all surprise us to hear a New York judge quote *Satan* as the "highest authority."

The Elections.—The result of the recent elections has been as follows:—

Rhode Island.—The American Republicans carried the State ticket. For Congress, in the Eastern Congressional District, there is no choice. The vote stands: Robinson, American Republican, 3,797; Davis, Republican, 2,422; Arnold, Democrat, 1,532. In the Western Congressional District, the vote is: Brayton (Amer. Republican) 2,946; Anthony, Dem. 700. The Opposition have the Legislature by an overwhelming majority.

Connecticut.—The Republicans have elected the entire Congressional Delegation, as well as the State ticket, and a large majority of the Legislature—they gain two members of Congress.

Wisconsin.—The returns of the recent election indicate the success of Byron Paine, the Republican candidate for Associate Judge of the Supreme Court, by a majority of about 5,000 votes.

Michigan.—The returns show considerable Republican gains, and indicate the election of George Martin, the Republican candidate, by some 10,000 majority.

Municipal Elections.—The Democrats have carried Brooklyn, New York. The Opposition have carried Cincinnati (1,000 majority), and the Republicans St. Louis, by 2,900 plurality over the Democratic candidate, and 4,600 over the American.

Startling Love Affair.—A Young Lady Attempts to Shoot her Rival.—A singular affair occurred in Pensacola, Florida, about two weeks ago. Miss Susan ———, daughter of one of the most distinguished jurists and politicians of Florida, entertained a most violent passion for Mr. G., Mayor of Pensacola, who had paid her some attention previous to his marriage with another lady. She took no great pains to conceal from Mr. G., the nature of her feelings, and had on several occasions conducted herself in rather an extravagant and startling manner, but he probably supposed nothing serious would come of it. One day recently, however, she went to his house and called for Mrs. G., and when that lady came to the door, drew a pistol, ready cocked, from the folds of her dress, and fired at her rival. The bullet missed, and Mrs. G. bravely rushed upon the desperate girl and wrenched the pistol from her, but prepared and determined to shed blood, Susan drew a knife, and before she could be disarmed by others, who interfered, succeeded in inflicting a slight wound upon Mrs. G. The letter states that her father, in order to shield her from criminal prosecution, was about to send her to an insane asylum.

The Mormon Alphabet.—We have, says the New York Journal of Commerce, a copy of the Deseret News, containing the Mormon alphabet, which is a part of the scheme originally devised by the Saints to render their community quite exclusive, and to debar all Gentiles and outside barbarians from a too critical surveillance of the workings of the international machinery of the State.—It consists of thirty-eight phonetic characters, a single character in some cases representing an entire word, though more frequently a combination of characters is required in the orthography. It is, in fact, quite similar to the system of stenography now employed by newspaper reporters and others. All words having the same pronunciation are spelled alike, and the reader or hearer is obliged to depend upon the context for the meaning of such words. As each character is designed to represent the sound for which it stands, a Mormon word construed into plain English, is not the most euphonious. For instance—"Matthew, sixth chapter," is spelt in the new Alphabet · *maethecu, selxeth chealpter*, which would not by any means pass in our common-school spelling classes.

A New Way to Collect Old Debts.—On the complaint made by Miss Anna Furlong, who keeps a millinery establishment at No. 29 Clinton Place, New York, before Justice Welsh, last Wednesday, Wm. C. Kelly was arrested and held to bail on a charge of annoying her, and of injuring her business and good name among her neighbors. She made an affidavit that Kelly, who is employed by Henderson & Co., of the Protective Trade and Collection Agency, was in the habit daily of driving up and stopping in front of her establishment in an old and dilapidated vehicle, drawn by a poor and half-famished-looking old horse, there being painted conspicuously on either side of the vehicle: "Grocery bills, tailors', and store bills collected by Henderson & Co." The object of the demonstration being, as she alleges, to collect a debt from a person who has no interest in the establishment. The case will be heard on Monday next.

Four criminals were hung on Friday of last week, in Baltimore, on one gallows. The top of the scaffold projected about four feet above the wall. It was in full view from nearly the whole of the jail yard, and the surrounding hills and house tops, all of which were teeming with human beings of all ages, sexes, classes, colors and conditions, incited by a morbid curiosity to witness the awful death scene upon this fatal structure.

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 900 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at Wardell's Avenue Drove Yard:—31 head I Abrahams, Ohio, 10@10¼; 12 J P Taylor, Mifflin co, 8@9; 18 J Shelby, Berks co, 8@10¼; 12 R S Grosh, Lancaster co, 10@10¾; 11 J Berry, Blair co, 8@9; 16 Feltimer & Co, Bucks co, 7@8¼; 16 A Gheen, Va, 10@10¼; 10 B Chipbourn, Franklin co, 9¼@10¼; 15 Hutton & Seymour, do, 10@10¼; 50 J Smith, Ohio, 11@11¼; 25 W. Fuller, Lancaster co, 10@10¼; 16 Baldwin, Chester co, 10@11. Sheep—4000 Sheep arrived and sold at 6@7c ₱ lb, gross.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—16 head Musselman, Lancaster co, 10@11; 39 A C Groff, do, 10@11; 25 Kimble and Kirk, do, 10¼@11; 16 Scott & Kimble, do, 10½@11¼; 35 J Taylor, do, 9@11; 6 S Alexander, 9@11; 13 E & L Chandler, Chester co, 11@12; 4 H Davis do, 11¼@12; 52 J Bear, by McCall, do, 9@11; 91 Seddinger & Brother, do, 9¼@11¼.

## BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

*Philadelphia, April 9, 1859.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pennsylvania. | | Georgia. | |
| Solv bks par to 4-10 dis | | Solvent banks | ½ dis |
| Relief notes | 4-10 dis | South Carolina. | |
| New Jersey. | | Solv bks | ½ dis |
| Solv bks par to ½ dis | | Alabama. | |
| Delaware. | | Solv bks | 1 to 3 dis |
| Solv bks par to ½ dis | | Mississippi. | |
| Maryland. | | All bks | uncertain |
| Baltimore | ½ dis | Louisiana. | |
| Solv bks | ½ to ¾ dis | Solv bks | ¾ dis |
| New York. | | Ohio. | |
| Solv bks par to ½ dis | | Solv bks | ¾ dis |
| Maine. | | Kentucky. | |
| Solv bks | ¾ dis | Solv bks | ¾ dis |
| New Hampshire. | | Indiana. | |
| Solv bks | ¾ dis | State bank | ¾ dis |
| Vermont. | | Illinois. | |
| Solv bks | ¾ dis | Solv bks | 1½ dis |
| Connecticut. | | Missouri. | |
| Solv bks | ¾ dis | Solv bks | ¾ dis |
| Massachusetts. | | Tennessee. | |
| Solv bks | ¾ dis | Old banks | 2 dis |
| Rhode Island. | | Michigan. | |
| Solv bks | ¾ dis | Solv bks | 1½ dis |
| Virginia. | | Wisconsin. | |
| Solv bks | ½ to ¾ dis | Solv bks | 1½ dis |
| Dist. of Columbia. | | Texas. | |
| Solv bks | ½ dis | Commercial and Agricultural bank, | |
| North Carolina. | | Galveston | 10 dis |
| Solv bks | ¾ to 1 dis | Canada. | |
| | | Solv bks | 1 dis |

An American was recently married in France under the title of Count Alfred de Montgomery. He has sued the Paris Courrier for libel, in admitting a letter declaring him to be no count, but the son of a Quaker grocer in Philadelphia.


## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.


## THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

| | Bid. | Asked. | | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| LOANS. | | | RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS. | | |
| U S 6 pr ct, 1856 | | | Pennsylvania R R | | |
| " " '62 | 105 | — | 1st mort bonds | 101¾ | — |
| " " '67 | 102 | — | 2nd " | — | 91 |
| " " '68 | 100 | — | " stock | | |
| " 5 " coupon '74 | 104 | — | Interest off | 43½ | 43¾ |
| Phila 6 pr ct, old | 99 | — | Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864 | — | 97 |
| " " new | 105 | 103½ | stock | 118½ | 120 |
| " 5 " | 94 | — | Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70 | 83 | — |
| Pitts 6 pr ct | 75 | — | mort 6's '88 | — | — |
| " 5 coupon | — | 55 | " '88 | 75 | 75½ |
| Allegh City 6 pr ct | 75 | — | stock | 25½ | 26½ |
| " County " | — | — | Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct | 97¼ | — |
| R R issue | 50 | 51½ | stock | 42½ | 43 |
| Penn 6 pr ct | 102 | — | Phila, Wil & Balt stock | 36½ | — |
| " 5 " coupon | — | 95½ | 6 pr ct loan '68 | 95 | — |
| " 5 " | 93 | — | Chas Val R R '70 | 41 | 95 |
| Tenn 6 pr ct | 91 | 92 | Erie R R | 23 | — |
| " 5 " coupon | — | 85½ | Will'm & Elmira 7's 1st mort | — | 72½ |
| Kentucky 6 pr ct | — | 104½ | 2d " | — | 52½ |
| Missouri 6 " | 83½ | — | stock | 9½ | — |
| Ohio 6 " 1886 | 103½ | — | Catawissa | 6 | 6½ |
| N Carolina 6 pr ct | 98½ | 99½ | Beaver Meadow stock | 56 | 58½ |
| Virginia " | 97½ | — | preferred 10 pr ct | 58 | — |
| Indiana State 5 pr ct | 92 | — | North Penna R R stock | 8½ | 9½ |
| Ga. State 7 pr ct new bonds | 91½ | 92 | 6 pr ct loan | 65 | 65½ |
| N Y City 1872-5 | 114 | 116 | Phi. Ger & Nor RR stock | 50½ | 52 |
| BANK STOCKS, &c. | | | 6 pr ct loan | 99 | — |
| PHILADELPHIA. | | | Minehill R R | 58 | — |
| North America | 140 | — | Har and Lan R R stock | 87½ | 87½ |
| Philadelphia | — | 121 | bonds '85 | 94 | 96 |
| Far & Mec | 60 | 80½ | L. Schuylkill R R stock | 20½ | 21½ |
| Commercial | 51½ | — | Long Island R R stock | 11¾ | 12½ |
| N Liberty | 61 | — | bonds | — | 85 |
| Mechanics | 28½ | 29½ | Erie R R stock | 9½ | — |
| Southwark | 69 | — | Hudson River R R | 51¾ | — |
| P Township | 33½ | — | N Y Centrs " | 75½ | — |
| Kensington | 35½ | — | Michican Centrs " | 47½ | 48½ |
| Girard | 50½ | 51 | Illinois " | 67½ | — |
| Western | — | 70 | Michigan Southern | 15¾ | — |
| Man & Mech | 27½ | 27½ | CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS. | | |
| Commerce | 57 | — | Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '32 | 73¼ | 74 |
| Tradesman's | 62½ | — | imp. 6 pr ct | 70½ | — |
| City | 46½ | 47½ | stock | 9 | 9½ |
| Consolidation | 25 | — | preferred | 18 | 18½ |
| Commonwealth | 22½ | 23½ | Lehigh Nav stock | — | 51½ |
| Corn Exchange | 23 | — | mort 6 pr ct | 99 | 100 |
| Germantown | 56½ | 60 | scrip " | 23 | — |
| Pittsburg, Pittsb'g | 50 | — | Morris Conso'd | 49 | 49½ |
| Exchange " | 56½ | — | preferred | 105½ | 105½ |
| Kentucky Ky. | 117½ | — | Ches & Del bonds | 41 | — |
| Northern " | 128 | — | | 77½ | — |
| Louisville " | 110 | 115 | Union bonds | — | 3 |
| Farmers " | 126 | — | Sus & Tidewater bonds 1879 | 34 | 34½ |
| Union, Nash, Tenn | — | 99 | | 35 | 35½ |
| Planters " | — | 109½ | | | |
| N O Gas Light | 103 | — | | | |
| Com & R R Bank Vicksburg | ? | 74 | | | |
| Washington Gas Light Co | — | 23½ | | | |
| Lehigh Zinc | 14 | 15 | | | |
| New Creek | — | — | | | |
| New Grenada | — | 6 | | | |
| N America Ins'nce | 14½ | — | | | |
| N Liberties Gas | — | 31 | | | |
| Southwark & Frankford RR | — | 85 | | | |
| Bonds | 91 | — | | | |


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## MARRIAGES.

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April 4th, 1859, at 1410 Hanover Street, Kensington, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. Charles C. Rudhauff, to Miss Emily Etta Emerick, both of this city.

On the 31st of March, at Lewes, Delaware, by the Rev. Mr. Wright, Mr. James W. Marshall, to Miss Ella M. Hitchens. Delaware papers please copy.

On the 24th March, 1857, by the Rev. G. A. Durborow, Mr. Edward Lehman, to Miss Rebecca McAdams, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. F. T. Cailhopper, Mr. William C. Middleton, to Miss Deborah A. Price, both of Camden, N. J.

On the 29th of Dec. by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, D. D., Mr. John G. Brooks, to Miss Mary A. Cann, both of this city.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. S. A. Durborow, Henry C. Baton, to Miss Amanda Coe, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. J. G. Maxwell, Mr. John Henderson, to Miss Margery Coulter.

On the 24th of Jan. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Charles H. Porter, to Miss Mary E. Schrack, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. Sarah Ann, wife of E. J. Hill, aged 49 years.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. Julia A. Taylor, aged 55 years.

On the 4th instant, Mr. John Flemming, aged 36 years.

On the 4th instant, Charlotte, wife of Stephen G. Chase.

On the 3d instant, Jane, wife of Robt. Irvin, aged 37 years.

On the 4th instant, John J. Kreider, aged 73.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Thomas Wigfall, aged 40 years.

On the 3d instant, Cornelius, son of Thos. and Ann Durnan, aged 19 years.

On the 2d instant, Elizabeth, wife of Robt. Dyball, aged 47 years.

On the 3d instant, Charles B. Hoffner, aged 69 years.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. Mary Madison, aged 83 years.

On the 3d instant, James Rowan, aged 37.

On the 2d instant, John S. Carver, aged 57.


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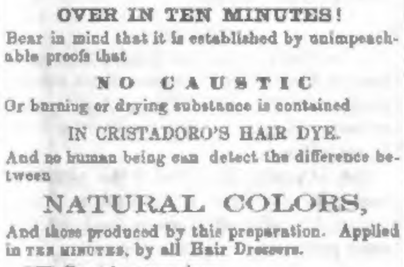


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# Wit and Humor.

## LEGAL WITTICISMS.

A celebrated lawyer, in Missouri, being once opposed to Mr. S——, late member of Congress, he remarked as follows to the jury, upon a disagreement between them: "Here, my brother S—— and I differ. Now this is very natural. Men seldom see things in the same light; and they may disagree in opinion upon the simplest principles of the law, and that very honestly; while, at the same time, neither can see any earthly reason why they should. And this is merely because they look at different sides of the subject, and do not view it in all its bearings. Suppose, for illustration, a man should come in here, and boldly assert that my brother S——'s head (here he laid his hand very familiarly upon the large chucklehead of his opponent) is a *squash!* I, on the other hand, should maintain, and perhaps with equal confidence, that it is a head. Now, here would be a difference—undoubtedly an honest difference—of opinion. We might argue about it till doomsday, and never agree. You often see men arguing upon subjects as empty and trifling as this! But a third person coming in, and looking at the neck and shoulders that support it, would say at once, that I had reason on my side; for if it was not a head, it at least occupied the place of one, and stood where a head ought to be." All this was uttered in the gravest and most solemn manner imaginable, and the effect was irresistibly ludicrous.

And this reminds us of a similar "hit" once made upon the eloquent Elisha Williams, of Columbia county, on the Hudson. He was "powerful" before a jury; and one day, in the Circuit Court of that ilk, he had made a most profound impression, alike upon the jury and upon the "Court." His legal opponent was a mere pettifogger, but "smart;" and he said: "Gentlemen of the jury, and your honors, I should despair of the triumph of my client in this case, after the eloquent appeal of the learned counsel, but for the fact that common law is common sense. No man could like better the piece which the learned gentleman has spoke, than what *I* like that piece. He spoke it good. I've heered him give it three times afore; once at Schodack, in a burglary case: once at Kiak, on a suspicion o' stealin'; once to Poughkeepsie, on a murder case; and the next time at Kakiak, about a man who was catched a-counterfeiting. Well, he *always* spoke it good; but *this* time, he's re-ally beat himself. But what does it all *amount* to, gentlemen of the jury? *That's* the question; and you can answer it as well as *I* kin, and better tew!" And so they *did*, and quickly by a verdict in favor of pettifogger's client.

A Philosophical Five-Year-Old.—Among my little friends there is a five-year-old boy who is very philosophically inclined. He is rarely satisfied with the fact that a thing *is*, but he wants to know all the whys and wherefores of its existence. The other day Joe was watching with eager interest the dismemberment of the body corporate of a defunct pig. He interrupted the operator with many questions as to the precise object and bearing of the different members, as he saw them separated one from another. Finally, the corpse was in the condition of many of our live politicians—it had lost its back-bone. Little Joe regarded this dissected member with close attention for a few minutes, and then exclaimed with an air of triumph,

"I know what *that's* for!"

"What?" asked the dissector of the hog.

"Why," said the boy, "*that* is to hitch the tail to!"

Standing by His Friends.—In the flush times of Vicksburg, when the phrase "hard case" meant something more than it does now, Harvey Jenkins was admittedly one of the *hardest*. By some strange accident Harvey found himself at church one evening. The sermon being over, the preacher requested all who were friendly to religion to rise and hold up their right hands. The whole audience, apparently, were on their feet. After they were seated again, the minister continued:

"Now, if there is a single one here who desires to see Satan and his kingdom prosper, he will rise and hold up his hand."

Harvey, with some difficulty, got to an erect position, and said:

"Had the vote been less unanimous, I should have retained my seat; but I make it a *point of honor* never to abandon a friend under adverse circumstances."

Irish Wit.—Witty things innumerable are told of the Dublin carmen; one is, that on a wet day, driving an English fare through Sackville street, as they passed the General Post Office, the entablature of which is surmounted by three allegorical figures, the Briton called out—"What statues are those, driver?" "On the front of the Post Office?" asked Pat, from between his coat collar. "They are the twelve Apostles, your honor." "Twelve Apostles," muttered the Briton, contemptuously; "there are only three there." "Lord bless your sowl, sir," was the response, "sure you would not have them all out this murthering day." I myself heard one of them give a sharp and rather courteous reply, when calling to a gentleman if he wanted a car; the latter said "no," he was able to walk. The jarvey answered, "May your honor long be able, but seldom willing."

A Distinction Between Youth and Age.—In order to know whether a human being is young or old, offer it food of different kinds at short intervals. If young, it will eat anything at any hour of the day or night. If old, it observes stated periods, and you might as well attempt to regulate the time of high water to suit a fishing party as to change these periods. The crucial experiment is this: Offer a bulky and boggy bun to the suspected individual just ten minutes before dinner. If this is eagerly accepted and devoured, the fact of youth is established. If the subject of the question changes color and expresses surprise and incredulity, as if you could not possibly be in earnest, the fact of the maturity is no less clear.—*The Professor.*

Getting Out of Close Quarters.—A correspondent of the Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer, tells the following:

Gov. D——, of Florida, was as celebrated for his waggery as for his executive qualifications. Giving a crowd of gaping listeners an account of the strange things he had seen during his peregrinations through the far West, he said: "Fact, gentlemen, the trees are so close together in Arkansas that you may travel for days without finding them more than three feet apart; and then the game! such vast numbers of buffalo and bears and wild cats, but in all the world I never saw such deer!"

"What of the deer, Gov. D——?" asked a squint-eyed descendant of Nimrod, who, to use his own expression, "d'rather hunt nor eat any time," and so he had.

"Oh, the biggest bouncing bucks you ever saw! Why, my dear sir, the woods are perfectly alive with them, charging about with great branching horns full *four* feet apart."

"Well, but Gov. D——, if the trees are only *three* feet apart, and the deer's horns *four*, I want you to tell me how they get through."

"Oh; well, that's *their* look out—*I have nothing to do with that!*"

Anecdote of Dean Swift.—An ignorant tailor, zealous over-much, waited upon the Dean to express his fears that, for a clergyman, he was too convival, and not sufficiently conversant with the Scriptures, concerning passages of which he had come, he said, to examine him. Swift answered his few stupid questions with great good nature; and when he had concluded, expressed a wish to consult *him*, as he should needs be *au fait* in the matter, in relation to a doubtful point contained in an important chapter of the Bible. "We read," said the Dean, "in Revelations, that the Angel of the Lord stood with one foot on the land, the other on the sea. Now, what I wish you to inform me—with the same freedom that I have answered your queries—is, how much cloth would it take to make the angel alluded to a pair of pantaloons that should fit him as he stood!" The tailor, of course, was nonplussed.

Taken at Her Word.—The following is as true as it is absurd:—

An Irish woman in this vicinity had a husband lying at the point of death; again and again she declared that she would rather die than lose "darlin' Mike." A set of graceless scamps determined to try her conjugal affection. Having seized a large turkey, they stripped him entirely of his feathers. Biddy was alone, groaning and calling on death to come and take her and not Mike. Silently the shanty door opened and the hideous turkey entered, and, led by her shrieks, stalked to her.

"Oh! och hone! Howly Mary defend us! take Mike first, that's a good cretur! Howly Mary! how can I die before my time! Take Mike first!"

LAURETTA'S EYES.

The fair Lauretta's eyes, so blue and bright,
Look blank and cold when *I* am in her sight,
Paint her not thus, kind limner! give her that
Sweet smile she wears when talking to her cat.
So shall I fondly think, whene'er I see
The beaming portrait, that it smiles on me.

Would You Become Beautiful?—The beauty of hues and of features, which you had by a happy accident of your birth, like a reflection of your mother, is the chance favor of the age through which we are all passing. But the rare and personal beauty which you have acquired is yourself, your soul made visible, that which you have become by a pure life, a noble and constant harmony. It is the illumination of love, like the soft and faithful lamp in transparent alabaster, which watches with us in the night.

When, then, will man know that he is his own self sculptor? It is in his own power to make himself beautiful. Socrates was born a veritable satyr. But by his own thought, by the delicate and sculpture-like chiselling of reason, of virtue, and of devotion, he so well re-made his face, that at last a god is seen in it, in whose radiance the Phædo is steeped.

I have observed this phenomenon in one of my most illustrious friends, the first linguist of the age. When young, he had the grotesque ugliness of a little Norman peasant; but his strong will, his immense, ingenious, penetrating labors, visibly marked his face with signs of exquisite delicacy. An oriental fineness played round his lips with the sharp points of the criticism of the west, whilst the genius of India broadened in the luminous beauty of his giant forehead, capacious of a world.—*Michelet's "L'Amour."*

Dividing One's Time.—Some plodding genius has discovered, while spending his own time, that the word Time itself, when artificially transposed, or metagrammatized, will form the following words, meti, emit, item. And if the afore-named and its anagrams be placed in the following quadratic position, they will form what may be termed an anagrammatic palindrome:—

TIME
ITEM
METI
EMIT

This word Time is the only word in the English language which can be thus arranged; and the different transpositions thereof are all, at the same time, Latin words. These words in English, as well as in Latin, may be read either upwards or downwards. The English words time, item, meti, and emit (to send forth), are mentioned above; and of the Latin ones—1. Time, signifies fear thou; 3. Item, likewise; 3. Meti, to be measured; 4. Emit, he buys.

Humility of a Queen.—Maud, surnamed "The Good," daughter of Malcolm Canmore, King of Scots, and wife of Henry the First, King of England, was so affable, pious and humble, that she condescended to relieve the poor with her own hands, dress their sores, and wash their feet; and, being reprimanded for it by a courtier, as not agreeable to her royal dignity, she made this answer: "That she followed the example of our blessed Saviour, and the precepts of the Gospel; and that the brightest jewel in the crown of majesty was affability and courtesy."—*Noble Deeds of Women.*

Young America.—"You needn't be afraid, ma'am. Stand behind me!"

Spanish Fashionable Costume in 1760.—Signor Cantu quotes a curious passage from Don Jose Somosa's description of Spanish life in 1760, which was in fact a counterpart of that led by the fashionable circles at Milan:

The dinner-hour was one o'clock. People ate more than they do now, and greater skill was required in eating a dinner than earning one. As the hands were forced to remain idle while encased in ruffles, pasteboard covers were invented to protect them. Other contrivances of the same sort were used to guard the hems of the coat and the shirt-collar from stains.—But the most complicated and curious was that which was put on for the noonday sleep. I have seen the celebrated Jovellanos sleep with his nose towards the pillow, but not touching it, except with his forehead, for fear of disordering his curls.

The same Spanish writer quoted by Signor Cantu, comically enough describes the night toilet of the Mirabels and Millamants of that time, with their monstrous *toupets* and stilt-like red heels:

This great business (the solemn evening game at cards) ended, each family retired to rest, and as much time was needed to take off the complicated attire as to put it on. While the lady's head was being disarmed of its enormous cap and gigantic perruque, the husband's forehead was stripped of a battery of curls which surmounted it, with their cotton rollers. How many such nightly dismantlings have I not seen as a boy! Beneath my very eyes, grieved as much as they were astonished at the change, the shape and volume of the authors of my days seemed to melt away, and they ended in a species of annihilation which rendered their very height and features unrecognizable to me.

# Agricultural.

## DIRECTIONS FOR PACKING, &c.

The serious loss often incurred through improper or unskillful modes of packing, and shipping certain classes of produce, and the many inquiries we are receiving from the country on this subject, induce us to print for the benefit of our friends the following directions for preparing and packing such produce intended for this market:

POULTRY.

1st.—Food in the crop injures the appearance, is liable to sour, and purchasers object to paying for this worse than useless weight—therefore keep from food twenty four hours before killing.

2nd.—Opening the veins of the neck is the best mode of killing. If the head be taken off at first, the skin will recede from the neck bone, presenting a repulsive feature.

3rd.—Most of the poultry sold in this market is "scalded," or "wet-picked," but "dry-picked," is preferred by a few, and sells to a limited extent only, at full prices. Poultry may be picked dry without difficulty, if done without delay after killing.

For scalding Poultry, the water should be as near to the boiling point as possible, without actually boiling; the bird being held by the legs, should be immersed and lifted up and down in the water three times—the motion helps the hot water to penetrate the plumage and take proper effect upon the skin. Continue to hold the bird by the legs with one hand while plucking the feathers with the other, without a moment's delay after taking out—if skillfully handled in this way, the feathers and pin-feathers may all be removed without breaking the skin. A torn or broken skin greatly injures the appearance, and the price will be low in proportion.

4th.—The intestines or the crop should not be "drawn." After removing the feathers, the head may be taken off, and the skin drawn over the neck-bone and tied, this is best, though much comes to market with the heads on.

5th.—It should next be "plumped" by being dipped about two seconds into water, nearly or quite boiling hot, and then at once into cold water, about the same length of time. Some think the hot plunge sufficient without the cold.

It should be entirely cold, but not frozen, before being packed. If it reaches the market sound, without freezing, it will sell all the better.

6th.—In packing, when practicable use clean hand-thrashed rye-straw. If this cannot be had, wheat or oat straw will answer, but be sure that it is clean and free from dust of any kind. Place a layer of straw at the bottom, then alternate layers of poultry and straw, taking care to stow snugly backs upwards, legs under the body, filling vacancies with straw, and filling the package, so that the cover will draw down very snugly upon the contents, so as to prevent shifting or shucking on the way. Canada poultry generally reaches this market late in the season, say in the month of February. Much of it is well fattened and of good quality, but is generally dressed and packed in a slovenly manner, and the crops being full of food, (peas and oats,) the wing and tail feathers on, &c., sells low in proportion to its real value. If enterprising traders will go into Canada, buy the poultry, particularly Turkeys and Geese, alive, or in some other way make sure that it is properly dressed and packed, they will have a bright chance to make money.

Boxes are the best package, and should contain from, say, 150 to 300. Larger boxes are inconvenient, and more apt to get injured. Number the packages—mark the contents, the gross weight, and the tare of each on the cover—place invoice of the lot in one package, marked "bill," and send a duplicate by mail—direct plainly to the consignee, placing name of consignor also on each package.

GAME.

Wild turkeys, wild ducks, and the smaller birds should be packed in the natural state. In cold weather they may be packed snugly backs up, with or without clean straw, taking care to keep the plumage as smooth as possible. If the weather becomes warm during the transit, straw between the layers acts beneficially as an absorbent of moisture. Birds should never be drawn, and if mutilated by gun-shot, the market value will be much reduced.

Woodcock, quails, and other small birds are, in cool weather, sometimes each wrapped in paper, and packed in dry sawdust. In hot weather they may be packed without the paper, in coarse sawdust and ice. They seldom reach us in good order if more than twenty-four hours on the way, in hot weather.

In venison it is best to send only the hind part of the carcass, including say, two or three ribs with the saddle. The skin should be stripped from the fore part, and carefully wrapped about the saddle, thus keeping it clean and in good order.

EGGS.

There is probably in no one article of the same relative value, so much depreciation and loss from injudicious management, and unskillful packing as in eggs. This is best illustrated in the western trade, especially during the warm weather, when the *average* price of western eggs rules, say, 3 to 5 cents per dozen below those from this State, but at the same time we have some western marts that bring nearly or quite as much as the best State, showing conclusively that it is entirely practicable to forward them in prime order from the far West. If the following directions are intelligently carried out, there will be very little doubt of success.

Be sure (especially in the summer season) that your eggs are not only sound, but recently laid. Eggs may be "candled" and re-packed at the West, but if they are *stale*, though still apparently sound, they will be sure to reach this market in bad order, or will so rapidly change on being opened, that dealers will be sure to lose money on them. The jiggle of the cars over such long distances so muddles all eggs, not entirely fresh, that they appear cloudy and stale, and will soon spoil, if indeed they are not already *bad*.

Use very strong stiff barrels, put a little soft straw or hay evenly over the bottom with a stiff paper top of the straw, then oats to the depth of say, 2 to 3 inches, then a layer of eggs laid snugly together upon the sides evenly imbedded in the oats, with the ends towards the barrel, but about one inch from the staves. Cover the layer with oats, shake down gently but thoroughly, leaving, say, one inch oats upon the layer of eggs, thus continue shaking down thoroughly with each layer until the barrel is full. Place about 3 inches of oats over the last layer, then a stiff paper, and a little soft hay or straw next the head, filling so high that the head must be pressed to its place by a lever or other mechanical power, that the contents may be held so firmly that they can never shift or loosen in the barrels. In the winter, to guard against frost, use more packing, leaving the eggs farther from the packages. Use clean, bright oats, they are good at all seasons, and during the summer much better than cut straw. Mark plainly the number of dozen, and the quantity of oats in each barrel. Be very particular to have the count right; a good reputation for accuracy is very valuable.

APPLES.

Assort them so as to run uniform in size and quality. Pack them in clean, sound barrels, size of a flour barrel, flat hoops preferred. Put the fruit in without bruising, shake down gently but thoroughly, and fill the barrel so full, that the head must be pressed in with a lever, flattening the top apples, and even starting the juice from them.—*Working Farmer.*

Wash for Fruit Trees.—We would remind our readers again of the soda wash for fruit trees, which we have so often recommended.—This is the time of the year for its application. Heat sal soda to redness, so as to drive out the water of crystalization and carbonic acid; then dissolve the caustic soda in water at the rate of one pound to the gallon, and apply it when cold to the trunks and larger branches of fruit trees. It will destroy cocoons and ova of insects, mosses of all kinds, decompose dead bark, and present a fine glossy surface, not likely to be attacked by insects. Unlike potash, it does not destroy any living portion of a plant, while it decomposes the dead portions more readily.—*Working Farmer.*

Foot-Rot in Sheep.—For the benefit of your readers, I wish to inform you how I cured several sheep that had the foot-rot very bad. Pare away all the rotten hoof, then apply spirits of tar (keep the tar in a vial with a quill in the cork,) once in three or four days. I think common tar mixed with their salt helps to keep them in health.—*Rural New Yorker.*

# Useful Receipts.

To Entirely Clear Out the Red Ant.—Wash your shelves down clean, and while damp, rub fine salt on them quite thick; let it remain on for a time, and they will disappear.

Crystallized Windows.—This is very easy to do; all that is requisite to be done is to dissolve any kind of salt in hot water, so as to make a saturated solution—that is, to have it as strong as possible, then wash it while hot with a brush, it will soon cool, and deposit the salt in crystalline form upon the glass, and when the water has evaporated, the window will be beautifully frosted. You may use for this purpose Glauber's salts, Epsom salts, or blue stone; but you should not use any of the salts which are apt to dissolve in a damp atmosphere.

A Hint for Clear-Starching.—Collars, under-sleeves or handkerchiefs of very fine muslin or lace, will not bear much squeezing or rubbing when washed. They can be made perfectly white and clean without either, by the following process: Rinse them carefully through clear water, then soap them with white soap; place flat on a dish or saucer, and cover with water; place them in the sun. Let them remain two or three days, changing the water frequently and turning them. Once every day take them out, rinse carefully, soap, and place in fresh water. The operation is a tedious, and rather troublesome one, but the first embroidery or lace comes out perfectly white, and is not worn at all, where, in common washing, it would be very apt to tear. When they are white, rinse and starch in the usual way.—*Home Magazine.*

Bread Biscuits.—The bread most commonly used in Maryland and eastern Virginia, is made without any yeast. A quart of flour, tablespoonful of lard, and a little salt mixed with milk or water, forms a dough which is pounded by active hands for at least half an hour. It is then moulded into round biscuit, which appear on the table white as snow, and are among the most palatable species of bread. Few northern housekeepers or domestics could spend the time requisite in the preparation of this form of bread.

Hop Biscuit.—Some of the most delicious hop biscuit we have tasted, were prepared thus:—Scald a small quantity of buttermilk, and stir into it while hot, flour enough to make a batter. When partially cool, add hop yeast sufficient to raise it. When it is light, add more milk and flour enough to form the dough, which must be thoroughly kneaded, and then set away to rise again. Whenever a portion of this dough is used for biscuit, the remainder must be kneaded over again, and in winter it will keep good thus for several days. A very little shortening may be added, if desired.

Yankee Rye and Indian Bread.—A loaf of genuine eastern brown bread may be made thus:—Take three pints of rye meal, (rye flour will not answer,) three pints of Indian meal, two tea spoonfuls of salt, one of saleratus, half a tea-cup of molasses, and half a tea-cup of yeast. Scald the meal, and mix the bread as thick as it can be stirred with the spoon, or hand, which is better. Thoroughly grease an earthen or iron pan, put your dough into it, smoothing the top, and set it by the fire to rise. In about four or five hours it will have risen so as to crack on the top. Bake it in a hot oven three or four hours, according to the size of the loaf.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

Eighteen Convicts Hanged at one Time.—Walpole, in a letter to the Countess of Ossory, dated February 1, 1787, alluding to women, says:—"How much ready wit they have! I can give you an instance, madam, that I heard last night. After the late execution of *eighteen* malefactors, a female was hawking an account of them, but called them *nineteen*. A gentleman said to her, "Why do you say *nineteen*? there were but *eighteen* hanged.' She replied, 'Sir, I did not know you had been reprieved!'" On reference to the periodicals of the time I find the fact to be, as is stated, that on January 9, 1787, no fewer than eighteen convicts were hanged at the Old Bailey; and, farther, that eight days afterwards, on January 17, another *batch* of nineteen received sentence of death; of whom, however, only a majority were executed. All the sufferers were men, and for the most part young. No particular atrocity appears to have characterised their offences. Nine were burglars, six were ordinary thieves, and three were horse-stealers. At the present day not one of these criminals would have had the punishment of death awarded him.—*Notes and Queries.*

☞ Jokes are only good when they are served up quite warm.—*Voltaire.*

# The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 50 letters.

My 29, 23, 4, 26, 23, 37, 41, 44, 37, 39, 6, is an Eastern State.

My 46, 16, 38, 45, 15, 3, is a lake in New York.

My 35, 36, 28, 32, 15, 49, 50, is a Southern State.

My 29, 21, 19, 17, 30, 47, 10, 10, are mountains in New York.

My 29, 5, 48, 9, 14, 9, is a division of British America.

My 40, 18, 21, 15, 9, 8, 21, is a famous waterfall.

My 10, 28, 40, 15, 33, 17, 10, 9, 40, 34, is a Sound south of New England.

My 11, 10, 20, 16, 27, 25, 24, 15, 16, is a range of mountains in the United States.

My 5, 10, 10, 3, 35, 2, 9, 40, 42, is a range of mountains in the United States.

My 15, 12, 16, 50, 1, 17, 10, 21, 43, 3, is a lake in British America.

My 17, 7, 10, 10, 13, 43, 50, 48, 17, is an island east of South Carolina.

My 37, 9, 4, 19, 21, 31, 12, 13, 9, 4, are mountains in Spain.

My 44, 41, 21, 10, 42, is a country of Europe noted as the seat of the Roman Empire.

My whole is a celebrated natural curiosity in the United States. LUCY LOVE RIBBON.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The wind was fair, the summer sky
Was glorious to behold,
And every rippling wavelet's crest
Was glinted o'er with gold;
While merry jest and repartee,
From hearts both light and gay,
Were bandied, as my first went forth
All proudly on her way.

And yet one moon had scarcely waned,
And on a foreign shore
The sun was shining bright again,
As it had shone before.
But on the rocky beach, alas!
Now desolate and lone,
My first had from her proud estate
Into my second grown.

And still the earth is passing fair,
And yet the wild birds sing,
And to the breeze the blooming buds
Their spicy odors fling;
But there are homes whence joy has fled,
And friendly hearts condole
With widowed loves, and orphaned ones,
Now weeping o'er my whole.

J. C. B.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Search Holy Writ, and you will see
A noted warrior fought with me;
Behead, on mountain tops I'm seen,
Or in the briny deep I've been:
Behead again, transpose, beware,
For I may prove a fatal snare;
If you again my head should sever,
No matter how informed or clever,
'Tis all in vain, give up the rout,
For you can never find me out.

Naples, Scotts Co., Ills. J. SIMMONS.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

| | |
|---|---|
| To Hugh Fult. | Tale. |
| Shut. | Note. |
| T. S. dive in! | Read. |
| Port. | Fed ram. |
| O, medly! | Terrepin Rest. |
| Ruse. | Lay it. |

GAHMEW

DOUBLE INTEREST QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain gentleman invested for the term of 3½ years $640 in a certain very profitable business, which yielded him yearly profit at the rate of 125 per cent. continual and even increase, after the rule and manner of compound interest. But he was continually drawing out of the profits at the rate of 100 per cent. in the same manner for his own private use. At the end of said 3½ years, settlement being made, the question arose, how much the stock of said gentleman was worth in the concern at that time? How much he had drawn out during that time for his own private use? (for you know as his stock increased so his drawing out also increased in the same regular manner,) and how much was the gain of the last half year? Any Arithmetician who is able to find these three requested answers, shall be at liberty to invest a like sum of money in a like profitable concern.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotzersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a handsome girl like an excellent mirror? Ans.—Because she is a good looking-(g)lass.

☞ When is a tired man like a thief? Ans.—When he needs a resting (arresting).

☞ Why are ladies' eyes like friends separated by distant climes? Ans.—Because they *correspond* but never meet.

☞ "Why," said a lover to his mistress, "are you like that hinge?" "Can't even guess." Ans.—"Because you are something to a door (*adore*)."

☞ Why is a pig's tail like a carving-knife? Ans.—Because it is flourished over a ham.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—A rolling stone will gather no moss. ENIGMA—The Declaration of Independence. CHARADE—Henry (Hen-rye.) CHARADE—Snow-ball. CHARADE—Robin Hood (Rob-robin-hood). ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—17,988,424 miles, 77 perches and 9½ feet.

The correct answer to the Question published Feb. 26th, is as follows: Height of tower 169.6947, distance from corners 247.3933, 382.2205 and 470.3229 feet. Answered by Subscriber, Bald Eagle Furnace; J. A. J., Benton, Arkansas and David Wickersham, Clinton Co., Ohio.

Answer to Question published March 19th. They together made 256 13-17 perches of ditching. X received 58.50, Y 49.50, L 22.50. Answered by Subscriber, Bald Eagle Furnace, Artemas Martin, Venango Co., Pa., C. L. D., Rocky Hill, Ky., H. B. White, Mercer Co. Pa., J. W. G., Louisville, Ky., Edmund J. Young, Carrol Co., N. H., Sloan Cooley, Oakland Co., Mich.

☞ No two things differ more than hurry and despatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind, despatch of a strong one.